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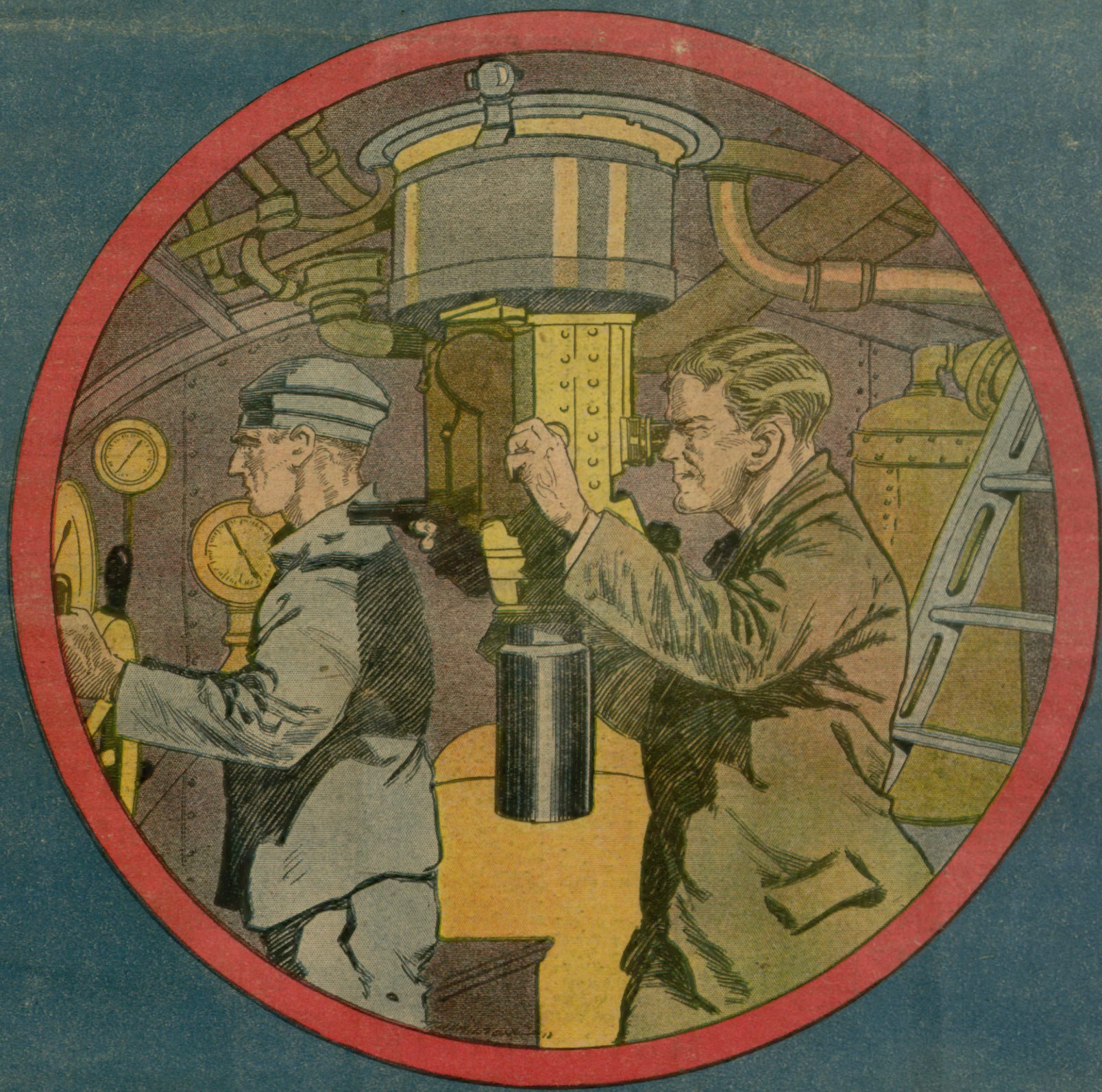

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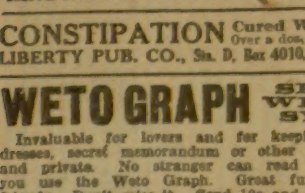
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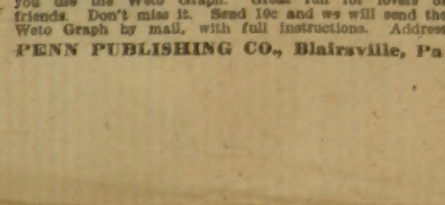
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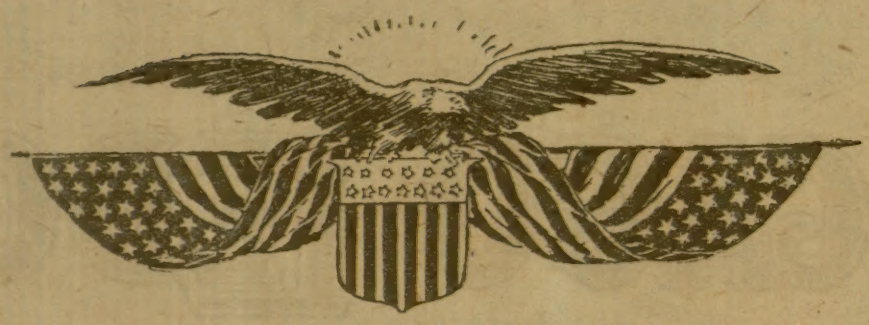

The Editor Has His Say Here

WE AMERICAN people are just now beginning to wake up to the fact that all of the fighting in this war is not on the other side of the Atlantic. Most of us have never fully awakened to the fact that Germany's forty years of preparation for this world war included the United States as one of the powers which were to be crushed. It would be folly to believe otherwise and it now is proved beyond a doubt that Germany undermined and honeycombed our nation with her spies and her propaganda agents just as she honeycombed France and England and Italy and the other Allies. Within the last few weeks we have had many startling evidences of this. A New York daily newspaper which has undertaken editorially to tell the administration at Washington what it should and should not do is proved to be backed by money belonging to the Kaiser of Germany. Thousands of our young men, coming within the provisions of the draft, have been taken in federal dragnets and their every excuse shows the working of a mind poisoned by German agents and propaganda. Men whom their neighbors always had regarded as loyal and patriotic Americans have been revealed in their true colors as still loyal to Germany—the Germany from which many of them fled to escape severity and oppression at the hands of the same military powers which now would work their will upon the entire world. The great battle at home must be waged against these traitors, these spies and agents of the enemy who "over there" is killing and maiming our boys.

THERE are two great organizations which are combating this evil at home. One of them is the American Protective League, composed of thousands of volunteer Americans whose loyalty and patriotism is unquestioned. They become agents of the Department of Justice and to them falls the work of ferreting out the disloyal, the slackers, the unpatriotic and either make them come into line with the rest of our citizens or put them where they can do no harm. The other great organization is the Next of Kin Society, which was founded and incorporated by W. D. Boyce, publisher of the Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade, which has the same object as the American Protective League, in part, and backing up our boys at home as another object. Its membership is limited to the next of kin of men actually in the service of the United States.

AROUND these two organizations and the work they are doing a writer of ability has woven a fiction story, which in many particulars is true in hundreds of localities of our country. The workings of the German system in the United States, the subtle manner in which the enemy seeks to undermine our courage and morals are exposed. Still the story has not a dull moment. It deals with typical American characters, it lets you into the manner in which, if you wish, you may and should help win the war, even tho you never see a ship or a front line trench. The story is called "The Next of Kin" and it starts in the next issue of the Ledger. It will be completed in three big installments and, if you are a real American, you should read it, even tho you may believe you know all about what is going on.

RECENTLY the editor has been very fortunate in that he was able to obtain the choice of a large number of really clever short stories which will begin to appear in the Ledger in future numbers, starting next week. The war has had a great effect upon all of our writing and upon our fiction more than upon anything else. The stories which are being turned out today are more gripping, more masterful, more full of human interest than those which we read before the world was plunged into warfare and bloodshed. The readers of the Ledger will have an opportunity to read a great many of these stories during the coming months. We hope that you will find them as enjoyable as we did while reading them. Still, we must not let the war atmosphere absorb all of our attention so that we no longer care for the stories which once proved so pleasing and entertaining. We must get away from the war at frequent intervals in our thoughts and reasoning or we will not be able to bear up our end. So the editor has tried to mix up his stories so that you can find something satisfying, no matter what copy of the Ledger you pick up.

TO OUR women readers we want to point out that our Needlework Department has been made better and larger and that the instructions are written by an expert who has spent many years in the business. That the readers of the Ledger appreciate this department is shown by the number of letters which the assistant in charge of the needlework page gets every week regarding things that have been published. It has been proposed that the Ledger gather these needlework patterns into a book which can be sold at a nominal price, so that the women may always have it on hand in convenient shape. If enough readers display interest in a book of this kind it will be published some time this fall.

The Editor.

Movie Stuff

"HOW did you like the pictures tonight?" asked Mrs. Diblo.

"Not a bit," said Diblo. "Awful! Only consolation I have is that my war tax of 1 centime did the Government some good. Something will have to be done to remedy the matter of pictures I don't like."

"But everybody else seemed to like them," said Mrs. Diblo. "It has been many a day since I've heard or seen an audience so enthusiastic, with the sole exception of yourself. The drama was a wonderful piece of acting and photography. Lotta Gims, as the poor village orphan, was a wonder. She met and married a young millionaire and a complete education in less than a week, or two reels when measured by film. I thought it was marvelous.

"The educational film was all that could be desired. Packing prunes by machinery was most interesting. How an Eskimo dines was very instructive, too. So was the last scene showing the mayor of Zamet, Ark., extending the key of the city to a man who rolled a peanut on an election bet from a neighboring village. Then came the comedy. And wasn't it uproarious? I never laughed so in all my life!"

"Enough!" exclaimed Diblo. "Comedy! What was funny about it, eh? Didn't you ever see a pie hurled before? Or a garden hose turned in a window on a party at the dinner table?"

"Rats, my dear!" said Mrs. Diblo. "Those moving picture people know what to give the public. They feel the comedy pulse of the populace.

"I want to see pies hurled. Altho I know the projected delicacy is going to strike the one aimed at right on the countenance each time it brings the same thrill. Turning a hose on a well dressed crowd delights me today as it did years ago. And wife thinking husband is a burglar, or husband thinking wife is her sister from the country and acting accordingly will convulse me with mirth while I have a ripple of merriment left."

"In that case," said Diblo, "the movies have reached the zenith of their development and I have nothing whatever to say."

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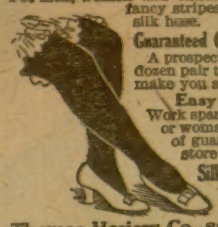
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VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., JULY 27, 1918. No. 30.

Beginning a Powerful Story of a Man's Honor, Love and Daring

"I Must See You—Alone," Said Wesley. "It's Important, and——"

THE DESERTER

By George Ethelbert Walsh

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CHAPTER I.

FEAR CLUTCHES AN EMBEZZLER.

LIEUTENANT WESLEY MASON was in trouble as he stepped ashore his eyes anxiously scanning the groups of faces, some turned enviously and admiringly toward him, and others staring out at sea with the stolid indifference of the typical navy men. Bagley, a junior officer on his first cruise in active service, nodded and smiled in his boyish, friendly manner.

"Have you seen my brother, Bagley?" the lieutenant asked. "He's ashore, isn't he?"

"Yes, up at the Casino with Miss Grenville. I met him there ten minutes ago."

A slight frown that was almost imperceptible, for the face was agitated and darkened by the clouds of worry, followed this piece of information, and with scarcely more than a nod of the head the questioner walked away, leaving the other amused at the haughtiness and indifference of his superior officer.

"Some snob," was the unconscious conclusion formulating itself in Bagley's mind, as he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

Thru the groups of naval officers, flanked by pink and green parasols and pretty faces, Lieutenant Mason wended his way, nodding, saluting and smiling, according to the rank and station of his acquaintances or the prettiness of the faces they were entertaining.

There was an Admiral under a pink-striped awning, which Wesley studiously avoided; beyond him a group of petty officers watching the gay crowd; a gold-braided commander who was being bored by inquisitive friends, and a lieutenant or two seeking exclusion behind parasols held by feminine hands.

In the Casino Wesley halted just long enough to take a swift survey of the scene. Then, with his eyes focused on a couple at a table near the sea-end, he caught his breath, and turned a shade whiter, altho thru the bronze of his sea-tanned skin it was scarcely noticeable.

The couple were unaware of his presence until he stood before them. The girl was very slender and tall, but so satisfyingly beautiful that one saw no blemish in her. Her companion was blonde, square of shoulder, and fully a head taller. Dressed in the uniform of the Navy, he looked every inch one of the fine, capable officers that Uncle Sam turns out to command his warships.

But it was in comparison with Lieutenant Wesley Mason's that his features suddenly assumed an interest that otherwise might have passed as quite ordinary.

At Annapolis the "Heavenly Twins" were sometimes referred to as the "Devil's Own." But like all nicknames, they might have been an injustice to them.

Gordon Mason had blonde hair, and a fair complexion. Wesley also had the skin of a woman, but the black hair of a Sicilian bandit. Otherwise, the brothers were perfectly alike in physique.

When Gordon once dyed his hair for a masquerade, and was mistaken for Wesley, he had to fight one of his brother's battles. Wesley had thought it a good joke, for it relieved him of a drubbing coming to him, but Gordon saw nothing funny in the experience.

Thereafter he kept his own personality, and was glad that nature had endowed him with light instead of dark hair, even tho in other respects he was a replica of his brother.

"Gordon," Lieutenant Wesley Mason said: "Can I see you for a moment?"

Judith Grenville glanced up first and saw the storm-clouded face before her slower moving companion turned. Her laughing eyes lost their merriment, and grew serious. Gordon's eyes reluctantly left her face, and he glanced over his shoulder.

"Sit down, Wes," he said, with no particular enthusiasm in his voice. "What's the trouble?" The interruption had come at an inopportune time.

"I must see you—alone," said Wesley. "Judith will excuse you for half an hour. It's important, and——"

"I was going to Aunt Mary, Wes," the girl interrupted, rising. "She's been frantically signaling to me for half an hour. If I wait longer she'll come over here and drag me away."

When she had passed out of earshot, Wesley dropped in the vacant seat and stared after her. Gordon watched him, and smiled ironically.

"Was that just to break up our little party, Wes?" he drawled finally. "If so, I call it—cheap!"

"No—no, Gordon," came the quick retort. "It's something else! I'm in trouble, Gordon!" he said, leaning forward, with both hands on the table.

Gordon smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "When were you ever out of it?" he asked.

Wesley frowned and his hands twitched. "But this is different," he stammered.

"That's what they all say," replied Gordon satirically.

"Don't make it harder for me, Gordon! By—My God, I'm done for! I don't know what to do!"

This time it was a sob, heart-breaking and sobering. Gordon stiffened in his chair, and touched the bowed head.

"Not here, Wes!" he commanded sharply. "Newport's full of eyes and sharp tongues. We'll take a stroll down the beach."

With an effort, the other pulled himself together, and as the two walked past the diners no one would have suspected they were perturbed of mind. Neither spoke until they had passed beyond the idlers and stood alone in a secluded part of the beach. At their feet the waves lapped the sand. Out upon the bosom of the sea rode the fleet, ready for target practice off shore.

"Now, Wes, what's the slip this time?" Gordon asked, turning on his brother to break the silence. "Gambling again?" There was an ill-concealed sneer in the voice.

The other nodded too miserable and frightened to resent the tone. "Yes—but more," he stammered, gulping.

The remarkable likeness in their faces was for a moment subtlely lifted. Craven fear and righteous scorn have a reflex action in eyes and features. Gordon was the handsomer of the two in that instant of disgust and anger. But sympathy and affection soon took their place. When had he not, in the hour of need, stood by Wesley—the weak, self-indulging brother, who as long as he could remember had demanded and

absorbed as a sponge does water the sympathy and affection of others?

"I've paid your gambling debts a dozen times, Wes," Gordon added, "until I'm in debt myself at this moment. But what's the other thing? What have you been up to now?"

"It's embezzlement!" said Wesley.

Gordon made no show of emotion other than a slight frown, and a sharp whistle.

"How much?" he asked finally.

"It's the officer's pension fund, and it's more than I can pay—more than either of us can pay. I didn't mean it, but the d—n cards."

"Never mind the cards!" the other cut in sharply. "The thing is—what can we do?"

"Nothing!" was the forlorn expression. "I'll have to get out of the service before they kick me out. It's disgrace and prison! I wanted to tell you before somebody else did."

The consequences of the crime more than its moral effect seemed suddenly to dawn upon the other's mind. His face grew white and haggard. Disgrace, dismissal, prison! Already he could picture the court-martial verdict being rendered. He could see that in his brother's eyes. All that he had worked and studied for—all that both of them had worked for in their long team pull thru Annapolis—would count for nothing, for without Wes in the service, too, there would be nothing but anxiety and disappointment. Never had his erring brother seemed so helpless and dear to him as now.

"If I had the money, Wes——" he began, and then stopped short.

"I know you would Gordon, and that's why I wanted you to know before it came out," the other interrupted. "You've got me out of enough disgraces. I'm not ungrateful. I'm just an unfortunate cuss. If it wasn't for you and Judith——"

"Judith!"

Gordon pronounced the name as if it suddenly startled him. Judith Greenville! Was she after all destined to come between them? Or was she the unknown factor that might settle the problem?

He looked at the white, haggard face in pity, his own nearly as pinched and distressed. A hard glint came into his eyes.

"Does Judith love you, Wes?" he asked abruptly, biting off the words crisply.

"How should I know?" was the peevish retort. "I've never asked her," he answered, but a smile of satisfaction temporarily lifted the gloom from the eyes.

"Then you must find out!" Gordon interrupted. "We can't let this thing break Judith's heart. Go to her and tell her."

"I can't! No, she'd despise me!" exclaimed Wesley.

"I didn't mean that," was the calming reassurance. "Go to her with a clean record, and—and if she accepts you—if she loves you—she'll never know."

"What do you mean?" demanded the culprit, his eyes opening in wonder.

"Just what I said—she'll never know of this. For Judith's sake we'll keep it quiet. I can find a way."

A hint of his brother's intention aroused Wesley to a spirit of heroic rebellion. He shook his head vigorously.

"No, I'm not such a cad as all that. I'll take my own medicine. I didn't confess to shift the crime to you. I'd never do that."

"I'm not considering you in the matter, but Judith," replied Gordon coldly. "If she loves you, it would ruin her life. Think of that. Forget your d—n egotism for a moment, and consider Judith's point of view! Now do as I tell you, or I'll——"

"I can't, Gordon," was the whimpering retort. "I'm all in. I'd feel like a criminal, and she'd know something was wrong. She'd suspect my motive, and quiz me, and I'd confess all. Judith reads me like a book."

"Perhaps she does," was the reply. "No you don't look like a lover. You'd make a mess of it. Judith's smart, but I wonder——"

Wesley look up and waited on his words. The unfinished sentence piqued his curiosity.

"What will you do, Gordon?" he asked finally, unable longer to endure the strain.

"Do? Why, I'll find out for you."

"You mean—you'll go to her?"

"Yes, one of us must. We must find out which one she loves. The other must take his medicine, and abide by the terms. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Yes," murmured Wesley slowly, but with no great enthusiasm, for the shadow of disgrace and imprisonment now loomed more terrible than before. Hope had been dangled before his eyes, and he had rejected it because of a squeamish sense of honor. He hadn't expected Gordon to accept his decision so readily. It was different from his usual way when dealing with a refractory brother.

"I'll see her tonight," Gordon added. "Your—your embezzlement won't be known before that, will it?"

"No," the other gulped, "not until the tenth when I must hand in my report to the Admiral. It's the fifth now. I'll have five days of grace."

"Then there's time for our plan. I'll speak to Judith tonight."

"You won't tell her, Gordon?" asked Wesley anxiously.

"No, she'll never know until the right time," said Gordon.

Wesley waited in uneasy silence, a sense of having been tricked by his brother to whom he had come for council and sympathy uppermost in his mind. If it wasn't too late, he would recall his decision.

"I suppose I might pull myself together by to night, and see Judith," he said to Gordon. "It would be better than for you to see her, perhaps."

"No, you'd make a mess of it. I'll see her," insisted Gordon.

"But she'll think it queer if you speak for me, Gordon. That's no way."

"Speak for you!" A smile of irony crept in the other's face. "You didn't think I was going to propose for you, Wes, did you? I'm going to speak for myself. If she refuses me—then you'll have a clear field. She must make a candid decision—no influence, no working on her sympathy. She knows her own mind, and whatever either of us may wish or say can't change the result. The only promise I'll make is that she won't know of this trouble until she's had a chance to decide. After that—well, leave it to me. It's out of your hands, Wes. You can trust me. Don't try to butt in and mess things up. Promise to do nothing until tomorrow. You understand?"

Lieut. Wesley Mason nodded, but there was sullen resentment in his face and eyes. Somehow he felt that he had been tricked and deceived, and instead of sympathy had received nothing but cold-blooded treatment that only made his case more hopeless.

CHAPTER II.

A WOMAN GIVES HER LOVE.

LIEUTENANT GORDON MASON had none of the brilliancy of mind, none of the fascinating manners and conversational talent of his brother. His was the strong, reliable nature that met emergencies without flinching, and sometimes with what appeared careless indifference. There was a streak of fatalism in him, however, which flared up at times, and committed him to acts that sober reflection would have condemned.

Once or twice in his career the steady course of his nature had been suddenly interrupted—just as a peaceful river will occasionally break thru its embankments and become a raging, devastating torrent.

Such natures are governed by the most commonplace rules of convention and morality, but the moment they get cross-circuited they are obedient to no known law.

Wesley's confession had startled him. The honor code of the service had been broken, and the Navy never forgave such infractions. Perhaps for the sake of its own jealously-guarded honor, exposure of the crime might be hushed up; but it would break any member who failed to protect the code, and dismiss him in disgrace from the service. Neither brother had any misgivings on this score.

Judith Grenville, however, was a factor which complicated the situation, and it was of her that Gordon was thinking as he walked away, after leaving his brother at the Casino.

Judith had been the first cause of discord in their lives. Friendly and companionable to both, spreading her favors impartially, she had at first piqued Wesley's vanity, and then aroused in him the ardent lover. Gordon more reserved and less impressionable had watched their growing intimacy with quiet indifference until one day he was awakened to the fact that, instead of being a disinterested witness of the love affair, he stood in the position of a jealous lover.

The revelation shocked him at first, and when he began to realize the depth and intensity of his love it frightened him. With any other man in the way, he would have ruthlessly cast him aside and carried Judith off bodily, if necessary, to win her. But Wesley, the weak, erring brother he had protected and worked for—Wesley, the lovable and affectionate twin, who looked to him for advice and help whenever he got in trouble—could he blast his life for the sake of his own happiness?

Gordon was in this quandary when the confession of Wesley came like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky. Disgrace and imprisonment! Could Wesley stand such a blow? Would it not kill him?

The one possible hope was that Judith Grenville's love might hold him to a steady course. If Judith loved him she would be loyal to him—she was that kind—no matter what happened.

But was it fair to punish her for the sins of another? She would suffer more than the culprit, enduring the shame and disgrace heroically but none the less poignantly.

Gordon frowned. He had paced along the beach aimlessly until the early gathering twilight reminded him of his promise to Wesley. He had agreed to see Judith in Wesley's behalf. No, he had threatened to propose to her so that, if she did not love him, one could be eliminated. After that—well, little else mattered. He would see that her heart was not broken thru her lover's disgrace.

But now, face to face with the mission he had undertaken, he experienced a panic. Lovemaking was not his strong point; he shrunk from it as a bashful boy. In a mood of weak reaction, he turned abruptly to search for Wesley, angry at himself for undertaking such a mission, and determined to wash his hands of the whole affair. Wesley could make his own proposal and learn his fate. After that—well, there was the same blank wall staring him in the face.

Could he remain in the Navy, and perhaps win Judith's love, while his brother became a disgraced outcast?

Lieut. Wesley Mason had gone aboard his ship for the night. Gordon learned this from the sentry at the dock. Frowning and deliberating, he stood a moment in indecision. His promise had relieved Wesley of further worry, but in the morning he would be awaiting his answer.

Slowly he turned and walked back to the hotel where he had temporarily engaged a room, his head thrust forward in deep, perplexing thought. Were it not better to take the blame upon himself and vanish? It could be done. He had funds in trust which he could appropriate to make good Wesley's deficiencies. It was merely a question of robbing Peter to pay Paul.

But which would suffer the most—Peter or Paul? He smiled ironically at the question.

He came unexpectedly in the glow of the mellow light shining from the window of a drug store. The display of cosmetics and medicines formed a confused medley of impressions on his mind, but gradually his eyes came to a focus on a bottle whose glaring label proclaimed the virtues of a harmless hair dye. Gordon's eyes mechanically read it.

He was thinking of the time when he had dyed his hair at Annapolis, and got in trouble thru mistaken identity. He recalled that none of his friends had been able to pick out the twins, so close was the resemblance, not even when they stood together for closer scrutiny.

Wesley was perhaps a trifle thinner now, and not quite so bronzed, but with these two slight changes they were as alike in looks as ever—with the exception of the difference in the color of their hair.

"I wonder if Judith would recognize me if I did it," he murmured, his lips expressing the thoughts trailing thru his mind.

The label fascinated him. He read it over twice; then frowned and turned away. At the corner he halted, and cast a fleeting glance back of him. The mellow glow of the drug store window beckoned him. A smile came to his lips. He was thinking of the happy days at Annapolis when, carefree and heart-free, any trick or masquerade went.

Five minutes later he entered the store, and when he returned to the sidewalk he clutched in his hand a small bottle of hair dye. After a glance around him as if suspecting lurking, watchful eyes, he walked hastily to his hotel and made his way immediately to his room.

An hour later a junior officer lolling in the hotel corridor raised his hand in salute to Lieut. Wesley Mason, and then shrugged his shoulders. It was Bagley, who had formed an earlier opinion of his superior.

Fifteen minutes later Lieut. Wesley Mason stood at the entrance to the Casino, casually glancing around at the gay scene, until his roving eyes came to a focus on a table at the far end. He watched it closely until one of the occupants raised a pair of blue eyes and caught his. The hand beckoning him could not be resisted.

"Come here, Wes," Judith Grenville said, pointing imperatively to a seat by her side; "I've been waiting for you all the evening. What was the trouble this afternoon? Are you at liberty to tell me now?"

Lieut. Wesley, alias Gordon Mason, bowed and smiled at the beautiful woman. "Not here, Judith," he replied. "This is no place for secrets. Take a walk with me, and I'll tell you."

Judith nodded, and gathered up her lace shawl. "I'll be back soon, Aunt Mary," she apologized, as she rose from her seat. "But don't wait for me if you get tired. Lieutenant Mason will look after me."

Gordon's arm trembled slightly under the pressure of the small hand resting on it, but with conscious pride that envious eyes were watching them, he walked happily across the crowded room out into the open air. The night was one of those exquisite fairyland scenes which make Newport the jewel of all Atlantic summer resorts. The pale gleam of the moon just rising was fast completing the wonderful picture.

They strolled, arm in arm, beyond the last group of loiterers until they reached a quiet ledge of rocks facing the sea. Gordon made a seat for her, and then dropped leisurely by her side. The silence between them had been induced as much by the witchery of the night as by a tacit agreement not to discuss their secret until they were alone.

"Well!" Judith breathed softly. "Haven't you anything to say? Or, have you changed your mind?"

"No, I haven't changed my mind," he replied, mechanically.

As Gordon Mason he had found it difficult to speak of his love, but masquerading as another he experienced a sense of exaltation that made it easier. Perhaps the physical change had wrought a suitable mental change. Unconsciously he assumed the air and manners of Wesley. It did not require any great amount of acting to do this, for his brother's trick of speech and mannerisms were as familiar to him as if they were his own.

The murmur of the restless waves played a lullaby, to the accompaniment of which how many thousands of lovers had whispered their secrets! The silvery path of the moon on the water was now shimmering atop the waves. Scarcely a breeze above a zephyr stirred the warm, redolent air.

"Well!" Judith breathed again, her curiosity piqued.

Gordon stirred from his dreamy attitude, and turned his eyes toward her.

"Judith, we may sail tomorrow," he said.

"So soon, Wes?"

There was a note of disappointment in the voice that thrilled him.

"Perhaps it may be a day or two later. We haven't received definite orders yet."

"Gordon goes, too, I suppose?"

The mention of his name upset him for a moment.

"Yes, both of us," he managed to murmur.

"It will be terribly lonely without either of you," Judith said, holding to her impartial distribution of favors. "If one of you could stay——" She stopped, and a moment later added: "I believe I'll go to Bar Harbor then with Aunt Mary. She needs me."

She frowned and stretched her long limbs to a more comfortable position. Gordon shifted his own until he found himself unexpectedly near one white hand resting by her side. In the clear moonlight it seemed endowed with a personality that strangely affected him. He watched it, reached forth a finger to touch it, and then withdrew it.

Glancing up guiltily, he met her eyes bent down at him, smiling and glistening. With sudden passion that could not be curbed, he seized the hand and carried it to his lips.

"That's my secret, Judith," he said hoarsely. "I love you!"

With the words once out, he became suddenly trembly and frightened. His hand shook the while it held hers. She had turned her head, and was gazing seaward, silent and motionless. But she had not withdrawn her hand.

"I believe I've always loved you, Judith," he added, his voice hoarse and vibrant with passion.

Then she turned slowly toward him, and their eyes met. They were frankly honest and searching, but Gordon, conscious of his deception, dropped his eyes first and looked away. He released the imprisoned hand and started as if to struggle to his feet.

"Are you sure, Wes?" Judith asked, speaking for the first time, and detaining him with a light touch.

"Sure!" He laughed a little queerly. "What does a man require to make him sure? I was never in love before, and——"

A roguish smile came into her eyes. Both hands went up and caught his face between them and held it close to hers.

"Do you expect me to believe that, Wes?" she asked half mockingly, half seriously.

For a moment they were silent, face to face, eyes looking into eyes. Gordon could feel her breath upon his cheeks. A stray hair fallen across her brow was wafted toward him by a vagrant breeze.

"But I don't care," she added softly in a catchy little voice of happiness. "I don't care how many you've loved if you—you love me now, Wes. You're quite sure of that?"

Quite sure! The words seemed like a mockery. The very intensity of his emotion made him quiet and rigid. His hands were no longer trembling. They held hers in a warm, firm grasp that must have hurt.

Then slowly a cold, clammy sensation of fear crept over him. He had not fully considered the consequences of his act. She loved Wesley! He knew the decision, and understood the sacrifice he had to make. For her sake, and for Wes', he would have to vanish from the world which had been his—creep away to some obscure corner of the earth where awkward questions would not be asked. It was the bargain he had made with himself if Judith cared for his brother.

He tried ineffectually to draw back and release himself from the eyes that held him. But the hands which he dropped were flung suddenly around his neck, and her head fluttered to his shoulder.

"Then kiss me, dear," she breathed softly, closing her eyes in happiness.

There was an instant of hesitation, while Gordon looked at the tempting lips so close to his and feeling the pulsation of her heart against his. A queer, disjointed, confused sense of loyalty to another echoed in the back of his head.

Then, forgetful of everything else, forgetful of his deception, of his self-appointed duty, of his promise, he swept her into his arms and passionately kissed the lips, the white brow, the hair, the half-closed eyes and the white neck.

CHAPTER III.

GORDON FLEES TO THE TROPICS.

THE languid, superheated atmosphere coming from the swamp was almost intolerable, for the fetid stench of dying vegetation and decomposing bodies were

mingled with the sickeningly-sweetish odors of the tropical wild flowers. A thousand creatures and plants were slowly yielding up their life to contribute to the nourishment of the luxuriant growth of the dense thickets.

When the wind was off the ocean there was a measure of relief, for tho sticky and salt-laden, it possessed at least a measure of purity. Just now the oily swells of the sea appeared as tainted and polluted as the miasmatic pools and sluggish lagoons of the swamp.

The cable station, a two-story, white-washed affair, was as near the water's edge as safety permitted, but the swamp had crept up to it, month by month, season by season, until it threatened to crowd it into the sea.

Hedrin, who had been longest at the station, and thru priority of service was called "chief," had made ineffectual efforts to check its onward march, but he had long since given it up.

Cardigan, his junior, had tussled with it the first year, using up strength and vitality that were needed to combat the insidiously demoralizing effects of the climate. He, too, had yielded to the inevitable.

Just now Bobby Bryce, fresh from the States, an ambitious youngster but inexperienced in the tropics, was directing Beniot, a black native, in a praiseworthy campaign to fight back the belt of encircling, creeping things.

Between languid puffs at his pipe, Cardigan glanced thru the open window above, and scowled at Bobby swatting the vines and roots with a machete. It irritated him to see another using up good vitality in a useless fight.

"We ought to stop that kid," he remarked finally. "He's killing himself."

Hedrin, the white-haired chief, glanced up from his table, and grunted. "He's got to learn his lesson. They all do."

Cardigan finally moved away from the open window and picked up a month-old paper. Silence fell in the room, and outside the only sounds were made by the hack, hack of Bobby's machete or the sing-song voice of swarthy Benoit.

The silence was broken in time by the click of the keys, and Hedrin picked up the receiver. Cardigan raised his eyes from the paper and listened.

"New York talking with Melbourne—in code," the chief grunted, and Cardigan returned to the reading of his month-old paper.

The instrument continued to click for some time, and then stopped abruptly. The big cables coming in from the sea had ceased to vibrate with life, and lay limp and snake-like in their bed of slimy ooze.

It was two years since Gordon Mason had drifted into Matapalo under the name of Cardigan, and began his duties as cable operator under Hedrin. The chief had welcomed him with open arms, glad of his company, but certain that he would not stay more than a couple of months.

They rarely lived up to their contract with the cable company, these bright, ambitious operators from the States, sent down to Matapalo, for when the climate and the loneliness got onto their nerves they jumped the reservation and made for Barranquilla to take the next steamer back home, contract or no contract.

Cardigan had stayed on, and this had endeared him to his chief. For fear of offending and losing his companionship, Hedrin permitted him to have his own sweet way. Sometimes when the nerves of both were frayed to the breaking point it was Cardigan who acted as chief.

Two years in that hell-hole of loneliness, broken by an occasional run down to Barranquilla for a mild spree in the dens of iniquity, had reduced Gordon Mason to the point of desperation. He was not sure but he was going crazy.

Certainly the two of them sulked at times and refused to communicate with each other except in grunts. Beniot was the only sane thing around the cable station, and his grinning countenance often lifted the gloom when the depression became unbearable.

Bobby Bryce was the newest recruit. He had come down to learn the duties of a tropical operator, but his chief function just now was to keep the two older ones from insanity.

"Poor kid," mused Cardigan, walking to the window and looking out. "I wonder how long he'll keep up that pace and preserve his sunny smile!"

"Whatever induced him to take this position," grunted Hedrin, standing by the side of his assistant.

"Ambition, I suppose!"

The chief shrugged his shoulders, and then turned to his companion with a smile on his lips.

"Is that what sends them down here?"

Cardigan shrugged his shoulders, and asked: "Was that your inspiring motive, chief?"

The other's face darkened swiftly, and Cardigan regretted the thrust. In their two years of intimacy neither had made any inquiries about their past.

"It certainly wasn't mine," he added, laughing grimly, hoping to deflect some of the bitterness of memory to his own case. "If it had been I'd taken the next steamer back. I guess Bobby's the Simon-pure, unadulterated kind that's willing to immolate himself for the sake of ambition. Poor kid!"

Hedrin snapped his powerful jaw, and snorted: "If he's that kind don't pity him—but envy him! The world could use a lot more like him."

"Sure!" said Cardigan and resumed puffing of his pipe. "This d—n tobacco smells and tastes like the mud of the swamp!" he growled. "If we could get some decent stuff to smoke life would be worth living."

Hedrin, ashamed of his own outbreak, waddled across the room and fumbled at the lock of a tin case. His companion watched him indifferently.

"Here," he said, tossing a package wrapped in oiled silk. "I was keeping it for just such a day as this."

Cardigan seized the package, read the label on it, and then patted it with both hands. "Glory, how'd you ever keep it so long!" he said, opening the package with trembling fingers and stuffing his pipe with a handful of the choice weed.

Without further comment he re-lighted his pipe, and fell to smoking it with ecstatic appreciation. Hedrin filled his own, and joined him at the window. For ten minutes they smoked in silence. Then they emptied the ashes from their bowls, and looked across at each other and smiled.

"Since America is fighting Germany,"

"This Is the Last Place in the World, Gordon, That I Expected to Find You."

Hedrin remarked, "we may see the fleet down here any day."

"I'd like to see the fleet off here," asserted Cardigan.

"Most of the Navy is being used at home and in European waters."

Cardigan sat up hastily. "I'll wager most of the fleet is on the other side, and now is in the thick of the fight, and we'll be proud of it when the war ends."

The chief smiled at the outburst of enthusiasm.

"Talk as if you knew," he retorted.

"I do!"

Unwilling to probe further into his past, Hedrin nodded and lapsed into silence again.

"I was in it—the Navy!" Cardigan volunteered finally. "And I know!"

"I suspected as much," was the murmur. "You can't mistake a sailor."

Having yielded that much information of his past, Cardigan became morose and secretive again.

"I was in the Army myself once—second lieutenant," volunteered Hedrin after a pause. "No, I wasn't kicked out. I resigned—honorably discharged. Got the papers now, if you don't believe it."

Cardigan smiled at his bellicose nature, for he had no reason to doubt the other's words. Still it reflected upon his own standing. Now that he had revealed a little of his past, he was not averse to going further. Hedrin was a good friend. They had learned to know each other's qualities in their two years of solitude.

"Well, you're luckier than I," he ventured finally. "I didn't get out of the Navy with so much grace. They kicked me out or rather I kicked myself out. If I hadn't there'd been a court-martial. Perhaps," musingly, "I won't be so glad to see the fleet down here after all. It might complicate matters. They'd want to come here to cable, I suppose?"

"Likely. Either here or at Barranquilla."

"If they'd only pick me up and give me a chance to fight, I'd forget a lot of things," Cardigan mused. "Have I changed much in looks, Hedrin?"

"No, not an eye-lash. You look the same as that day you drifted in here."

Cardigan sighed. A forlorn hope that he might get back by enlisting under an assumed name had flashed thru his mind. But the chief's words dispelled it.

Hedrin grunted and fiddled with his pipe. Outside Bobby's hacking at the brush had stopped. He was mopping his head and face with a rag for a handkerchief.

"Better take the kid in hand before he kills himself," remarked Cardigan, rising.

He strolled out of the cableroom and left Hardin alone. The monotonous click of the instruments filled the place with a soft, metallic whirr. Once the chattering keys stopped, and then resumed their steady clatter.

New York was again talking with Melbourne—in code—and Hedrin had no desire to interfere. Besides business codes were not easily decipherable.

He lolled lazily in the chair at the window, watching Cardigan gesticulating to Bobby and Benoit. Their words were inarticulate to him, but he smiled at their grimaces and pantomimic expressions.

Bobby finally, with great reluctance, dropped his machete and followed Cardigan into the shade. Benoit made no pretense that he loved the work, and quickly squatted down under a tree to sleep.

Hedrin, with nothing more to watch, drifted into unpleasant retrospections. Usually he fought these off by a vigorous will, but today the past came back vividly to disturb him. It was one of the unpleasant moments that every adventurer experiences at odd intervals.

He half dozed, his mind benumbed by the pictures trooping thru it. A sudden louder clicking of the instrument finally brought him to his feet with a jump. They were calling Matapalo!

Seated at the table, with his nimble fingers manipulating the keys, he answered the call, and then waited for the message. There was a slight interruption at the other end, and then a purring clatter.

The chief's face assumed sudden animation, swift changes drifting across it. His breath came in slow inhalations and exhalations. The message he was receiving was the most momentous in history. All the cables belting the world were throbbing with that same startling information.

A moment later, with flushed face and kindling eyes, he closed the keys, leaped to his feet, and ran to the open window. Cardigan was still talking to Bobby in the shade of a tree. Waving both arms over his head like two animated semiphores, Hedrin bellowed in a loud voice:

"The fleet's fighting the Germans!"

Then, in an ecstacy of enthusiasm and excitement, he danced a jig, laughing until the tears dimmed his eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

WAR REUNITES THE BROTHERS.

IN THE succeeding days and weeks, Gordon and Hedrin watched the progress of events in the world drama from their far off Matapalo with as much eagerness as if the fate of nations rested upon their shoulders. They renewed their heated arguments with greater fervor concerning the Navy and Army in the great conflict.

Hedrin, as an ex-Army officer, stoutly defended his branch of the service, declaring it contained the finest body of officers of any army in the world, and within a short time had equaled the British and French veterans in fighting qualities.

Gordon, as an ex-Navy man, shrugged his shoulders and smiled with tolerant amusement; but when they discussed the strength and efficiency of the fleet he grew enthusiastic. "We've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the guns," he declared eloquently. "And now that they are pounding the Germans I'd give ten years of my life to be back again—even as a plain jackie!"

A great, intense longing was in his heart. It was for just such an opportunity that Annapolis trained its young officers, and here he was dead and broken in far-off Matapalo while Wesley and the other members of his class were commanding ships in one of the greatest wars of the world.

His sacrifice had never seemed so bitter or tragic. There had been some compensation before in the thought that he was saving Wesley and Judith from wreck and ruin by vanishing; but personal considerations suddenly seemed small and petty in comparison to the greater cause. The Navy would need every trained officer and seaman it could find.

He began brooding over his desertion as never before. The loss of an officer or two had not mattered very much in the old days. It was merely a drop in the bucket. Others could quickly take their places. But now there would be a great dearth of trained men—good officers—brave, hardy men capable of commanding the small ships of the fleet—and Gordon knew that he was qualified on all points.

The humiliation of that night, when in passionate weakness he had seized the moment of bliss that tempted him beyond his strength, had been with him for two years, shaming and disgusting him; but even this faded into the background before the greater question of duty and longing.

His letter of explanation to Wesley had straightened it out. Judith never knew of the deception practiced, and his brother knew only so much as Gordon had chosen to tell him. Judith loved Wesley; that was sufficient, and he had made Wesley acquainted with the fact in no unmistakable terms. They had, perhaps, been happily married long before this.

Gordon got into the habit of watching the sea, hoping and expecting to see ships of the fleet pass. "For," he reasoned to Hedrin, "a part of it will come south to relieve the British ships on this side of the water.

Hedrin, being an ex-Army man, and not a naval strategist, had his doubts, and they wrangled over this day after day, and far into the night when the heat would not permit them to sleep. Bobby Bryce, who was more interested in making good as a cable operator than in the disposition of the fleet, smiled at the intensity of their disputes.

"You'd think you two were the War Strategy Board," he laughed. "What's the difference which is right—the fleet will come here or it won't whether you think so or not. Now let's get some sleep."

They smiled affectionately at the youth's interruption and lapsed into silence.

Then one day when a long line of phantom ships smudged the horizon, steaming south in stately order, with trails of black smoke darkening the sky, Gordon refused to believe that his dream had come true. Hedrin, gazing thru his telescope, exclaimed: "You were right, Cardigan! There's your fleet of warships!"

"I'm not sure they're warships," replied Gordon skeptically. "They look like merchantmen."

Hedrin snorted aloud in disgust. "Thought you said you'd been in the Navy! Even the kid could tell they were warships. Try a look, Bobby."

Young Bryce took a peak and proclaimed them warships. Gordon remained quiet. Now that the fleet had appeared, he was disturbed of mind.

"Do you think they'll stop off here?" he asked as anxiously as a child eager for information.

"Likely's not. They'll know this is the nearest cable station, and the most isolated. Wish we had a wireless so we could talk to them. Yes," he continued squinting thru his glass, "they're headed this way. One's racing ahead of the other—a destroyer, isn't it, you old Navy blusterer."

Gordon clapped an eyes to the telescope. The fleet was heading toward the bay, but a powerful destroyer had

separated itself from the others, and was coming toward the station.

Gordon dropped the telescope and looked worried. Hedrin was smiling affectionately at him. He seemed to understand some of the thoughts trailing thru his mind.

"As chief, Hedrin," Gordon remarked slowly, "you'll of course receive them. My services won't be needed."

"No, you can take a day's vacation, Cardigan," was the retort. "Bobby and I will remain on duty."

Gordon nodded his appreciation of the other's tact and thoughtfulness.

"Of course, I might take a peek in later," he added.

"It depends on who's in command, eh?" laughed the chief in a whisper that Bobby could not hear.

Gordon nodded and strolled out of the cable station. There was a shelter a few hundred yards down the coast where one could watch the sea without being detected. It was an old rotten wooden building that had been used as a storage house at one time, but the swamp had grown up all around it and completely hidden it from view.

Gordon followed an old path to it, and from the leafy protection he watched the destroyer approach. Long before the fleet came to anchor outside the deep-water bay, the low-lying craft preceding it reached the dock in front of the cable station.

Gordon saw the young officer in command leap ashore and salute Hedrin, who was waving to him from the cable house. Even at that distance certain familiar mannerisms of the visitor struck him. His breath came in short, labored gasps. A moment later when the officer spoke a word of command, and then walked up the creaky dock in the direction of the shore, he was sure.

"It's Wes!" he exclaimed aloud.

His eyes were bright and glistening. Fortune had been kinder to him than he had dared to hope. His own brother was in command of the destroyer.

A great longing to hear from home, to speak to Wes, to learn of current developments in the Navy, to hear from his lips that Judith was happy, to listen to the chatter of one who knew all the gossip of the service, surged up and overwhelmed all thoughts of caution. He would speak to Wesley if it meant recognition by others—capture, court-martial and conviction.

He turned and hurried thru the swamp, reaching the cable house from the rear. Hedrin was playing the keys, putting on the cables long messages that the Admiral had prepared for Washington. Wesley, meanwhile, was entertaining himself in looking at the view, strolling aimlessly from window to window.

His eyes suddenly caught sight of Gordon's bronzed face. Gordon was beckoning frantically to him, his eyes eager and imploring. Wesley stiffened, glanced back of him, and then observing Hedrin busy with the keys, Bobby helping, he turned and strolled leisurely down the steps and thru the back door.

Gordon would have clasped his brother in his arms, so great was his eagerness to see him again, but the natty uniform and stiff bearing of Wesley checked his enthusiasm.

"What are you doing here, Gordon?" Wesley asked, frowning and glancing nervously back of him.

"Enjoying myself in the luxury of solitude, Wes," was the smiling retort. "It's a wonderful place for tired nerves. The only thing we lack to make it a Paradise is a bath and steam heat."

The frown on the other's face deepened. He was clearly nervous and disturbed, but that was quite natural.

"But how are you, Wes?" Gordon added, shaking one of his hands. "I'm sure glad to see you. How's everybody? Are Bagley and Cobb and Wilson with the fleet? Who's the admiral in command? That little spit-fire your boat? What is it—a new one?"

"No, it's the Jacob Brown. You remember her?"

"Yes, sailed in her on the first cruise after Annapolis. She made twenty-eight knots on that trip, but she's good for thirty-two any day."

Wesley stood stiff and unbending, listening to his questions in tolerant boredom. The meeting had upset him, and he was more interested in what it foreboded than in the senseless chatter about Navy gossip.

"This is the last place in the world, Gordon, that I expected to find you," he interrupted. "What 're you doing here?"

"Cable operator—been here two years."

Wesley bit his lips and scowled. "Are you going to stay here?" he asked. "It might be dangerous, you know, for we'll use this cable station a good deal. We'll make this bay or Barranquilla our base."

"Yes, I know," Gordon nodded, "some body might recognize me. I'll look out for that. The chief's my friend, and won't let on."

"But wouldn't it be safer to leave," Wesley returned.

"Safer for you, Wes, you mean," was the smiling interruption. "Oh, you needn't worry! I can look after myself. They won't catch me, and they'll never get wind of that other thing. You're perfectly safe, Wes, even if they do catch me."

"But if you're captured and court-martialed," the other replied irritably, "it would be deuced awkward for me, you know, and, with my standing, promotion might——"

"Always thinking of yourself, Wes," Gordon interrupted again. "You haven't changed a bit. You were that way from a kid—always in love with number one. You ought to by this time give a thought to——"

He broke off abruptly, his eyes lighting up again with sudden eagerness. "But how's Judith?" he asked quickly. "She's well, isn't she?"

"Yes, when I saw her last," was the short answer, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders.

"When was that? You're married, of course, and Judith's happy?"

Wesley laughed a little harshly. Gordon didn't like the expression of his face and eyes. They were not as frank and friendly as in the old days, and the features betrayed hard living.

"Yes, I'm married—but not to Judith," was the reply.

Gordon's face was blank. It underwent so many changes in a brief interval that one emotion after another was registered too quickly to follow.

"You didn't marry Judith?" he stammered thickly. "Was it—was it because I made a mess of it? Didn't you get my letter of explanation, Wes?"

"Yes, I got that all right," Wesley nodded, a little uneasy at the quizzing. "And it was mighty good of you to—to do what you did, Gordon. I took the money and replaced what I had misappropriated, and they never discovered my shortage. It was deuced kind of you!"

"I wasn't speaking of the money part, Wes," came the sharp rejoinder. "But my explanation about Judith. I told you she had confided in me that she loved you."

A supercilious smile crept into the other's face. He shrugged his shoulders and looked away.

"What ever possessed you, Gordon, to—to make such an ass of yourself!" he said slowly. "If I wanted to marry Judith I was perfectly capable of popping the question. Even if she did love me, it didn't follow that I had to marry her. You put me in a deuced awkward position by butting in."

Gordon stood perfectly still, his very quietness and deathly calm disturbed Wesley more than a violent outbreak of words. A little afraid of the stern, set features and glowing eyes, he changed his attitude suddenly, and became confidential.

"You see, Gordon, I was as good as engaged all the time to Polly Whipple. She had slathers of money—came from a good family—Major Whipple, you know—and—and my break would have queered the match." He stopped and looked imploringly at his brother. "You understand?" he added, interrogatively.

Gordon folded his arms and nodded his head, but there was quiet contempt in the eyes.

"It would have broken Polly up if I'd been disgraced," Wesley went on, anxious to plead his case.

"Polly Whipple would have picked up another man and forgotten you in a month," came the quiet retort. "She had a new lover for every change in the moon."

"You're a bit hard on her, Gordon. No, maybe you're right"—frowning. "Polly is a flirt. We don't get along any too well. She's at Barranquilla now on her yacht. And Judith's with her, too."

"Judith at Barranquilla!"

The words came out slowly, as if they were the unconscious expression of a vacant mind, but his eyes turned seaward in the direction of the place that held the one who had been partly responsible for his banishment to lonely Matapalo.

Gordon, his hair dyed black, makes Wesley change clothes with him, and Gordon takes command of the U. S. Destroyer. Gordon virtually kidnaps the ship, thereby laying himself open to a charge of piracy. Gordon sails away from his exile to hunt U-boats. He also picks up the thread of his broken romance. Read about it in the following installment, in the next issue of the Ledger.

A Man of the Sod

By P. Y. Gunnison

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'Tis a strong story this—a story of one who suffered and endured and conquered; of a man primitively strong, of a woman elementally feminine.

IF THERE is a deader, duller place in America than Blandville, please tell me where it is.

Yet in that sleepy little village I gleaned a story of romance and tragedy, of love and hate, of passion and power, and of somnolent life aroused and awed by the fearfulness of man acting in good faith and moved by honest beliefs. I learned a story of elemental forces loosed by savage fury.

Situated in the tortuous hills of Ballard County, Kentucky, Blandville's business section in those days dreamed in the confines of a circle. In the center of the circle stood an ancient courthouse made of brick and mortar, vine-covered, moss-covered, and shaded by towering trees. Hitching posts for horses were about its fence, and across the circular street the town's pulse slowly beat in one grocery store, one clothing store, one butcher shop, one hotel, one saloon, one drug store, and a postoffice. All divergences from the circle were roads, not streets, leading to the homes of its sparse population, and to farms and tobacco patches—uphill and down, winding and curving. The schoolhouse stood near the Puckett home as a monument to its browsing intelligence.

The Circuit Court had finished its session during the last week in June and adjourned for the summer. A case of minor importance had taken me there from Paducah. After its conclusion, Judge Shott and I were about to enter Roberts' grocery store when a lady emerged, accompanied to the door by Roberts. We stepped to one side for her exit, and Roberts bowed impressively. I discerned in his demeanor the same sort of homage I had seen given her earlier in the day at Coffee's drug store. Judge Shott emphasized it. He lifted his hat with more than Southern gallantry. She bowed and smiled, and when a few feet away she turned and called to him.

I could not hear what was said, but I noticed the color in her face come and go in scarlet flames. Her manner was earnest, a bit embarrassed, and clearly tinctured with hesitation. Judge Shott alternated between gravity and smiles. At the conclusion of their brief interview I heard him assure her that she could depend upon him, and it seemed to me she looked in my direction as tho apologizing for having detained him.

A striking woman under the most ordinary circumstances, she awakened in me interest and curiosity. In response to my inquiry, Judge Shott told me her name was Lillian Woods; she had had an unusual experience, and now wanted him to marry her that night to a man hurrying home from a long term in prison.

My interest in her was increased tenfold. As tho to accentuate it even more—to make it more abiding—he invited me to be present as a witness to the ceremony. Then I became eager. I wondered what causes had led to such an unusual denouement. Judge Shott promised to tell me when we returned to the hotel.

In the meantime, my first impressions of Miss Woods were engraven deeply on my memory—so deep were they that even now I can visualize her appearance to the minutest detail. Looking at it, I see a woman above medium height, symmetrical, pliant, with body erect in the flexible poise of grace and strength. Her strong features were touched with shades of resolution which seemed vaguely to hint at possibilities of sternness. Her face was rounded, colorful, healthy, and crowded with elusive suggestions of tenderness. And her hair was white and pure and gleaming—the result of brain fever. Contrasting her youthful face, it lent her an air of distinction.

Seated upon the long portico which extended half around the hotel, facing the courthouse, Judge Shott told me her story. A large oak tree sheltered us from intruders.

"Ten years ago," he began, "Bruce Saulsberry shot Leslie Brundage, one of her admirers."

"Is it Saulsberry she is to marry?" I asked.

The judge nodded. "He sent her a message from Paducah saying he would reach here this evening. They are going to Texas to live."

"Immediately?"

"Tonight—as soon as the marriage is performed. It is Saulsberry's whim that they shall marry here; and there is reason and romance in it. But to get back to the story. Saulsberry and his brother, John, were tobacco growers. This section, as you know, raises tobacco, but it has inadequate means of transportation, and the Saulsberry boys wanted to do better. John took most of their savings and went to Texas looking for oil. Bruce was to follow when he had sold the farm and married Miss Woods, for they were then engaged. But obstacles arose. Brundage appeared upon the scene and the marriage was delayed."

The judge paused to take several puffs at his cigar, turning it about in his fingers as tho studying the red markings between the ash and the ember.

"To understand this case," he resumed, "you must know something of Bruce Saulsberry. Bruce was a man of strong character, twenty-five years of age at the time—she was eighteen—with principles as fast and unswerving as the Rock of Ages. Woman, to his mind, represented purity and veneration. He hated a hypocrite; he abominated a liar, and deception was a thing to be crushed and despised. He was a rollicking, good-natured chap, fond of fun and country dances, tireless as a worker, ambitious and resourceful. And he was the best educated young man in the county. Broad-minded and liberal, he studied for the sake of knowledge; and let me tell you, William, that he had a keen, critical mind. I admired him and regretted to try and sentence him."

"What!" I cried. "Did you try the case?" Then I knew why Saulsberry wanted the judge to marry them.

The judge nodded his head. "A more dramatic scene than that trial I've never witnessed," he said. "Saulsberry, for all his superior intelligence, was elemental in emotions and character. Beneath the boy that lingered in him he held stern views of life and its duties—and men in this section of the country are sometimes ruthless when righteous passions are aroused. You must remember, too, that his had not been the life of a city lad. His thoughts were mostly those acquired in self-communion, part of the time in solitude, close to the earth, of the earth, with the earth. He had seen beasts fight for their mate, birds shrill in excitement, and serpents, hissing and venomous, strike. The law of nature appealed to him as the strongest, most virile, aggressive force on earth. To him a pledge of troth was second to confirmation. It gave him inalienable rights, put upon him unmistakable duties which marriage served only publicly to confirm. It was an influence as firm and commanding as the elemental forces of beasts and birds; a law as divine as nature and stronger than man.

"From this you will understand something of his feelings when Brundage entered his Garden of Eden. Suppressing jealousy, he waited to see how the lady would act. She loved him, there was no doubt of that; yet, strangely fascinated by the newcomer—the man from the big city—she wavered, coquetted, and enjoyed the unusual experience of being courted by one from remote parts where lights gleamed at night and gayety reigned supreme.

"Do not understand that Miss Woods was a crude girl. She was not. Of all the girls in the county—I may say the State—she was the most fitted to be the mate of the vigorous Saulsberry. But country girls at eighteen, William, are merely children. They are not women. They know nothing of life. And little peepings into the great mysterious beyond are fascinating beyond belief. Miss Woods was a pure girl, innocent and trustful. But with Saulsberry wounded and holding aloof, Brundage had things very much his own way. He was a dashing fellow, twelve years older than herself, of hard brilliance, and with a measure of contempt for homely folk which was poorly concealed.

"And jealousy is a dangerous thing. Often it takes no account of right or wrong, but rushes blind and wild in a current of ruthless destruction. And a man is not a man—not a red-blooded man, William—who feels no surge of jealousy when another threatens to steal away his love. The wonder to me is that Saulsberry controlled his nature as long as he did. But as I told you, he was a strong man, and for that matter, all the more dangerous when his strength turned to rage.

"Coming out of the postoffice behind Brundage one day, he picked up one of several sheets of a letter Brundage was reading. It was the closing sheet. He could not help seeing the concluding line: 'Ever thine in love, Estelle.'

"Those words, like an illuminating light, conveyed treachery and deception—acts practiced upon the girl he loved. Holding his feelings in restraint, Saulsberry had a private talk with the postmaster, from whom he learned that Brundage wrote letters to Miss Estelle Savoy and to Mrs. Estelle Brundage, and that they were never addressed to the same place. Then he sought out Brundage. Proffering the lost sheet, he demanded to know who Estelle Savoy and Mrs. Estelle Brundage were. Discon-

certed by the suddenness of the question, Brundage flushed and stammered. Then he said that Estelle Savoy was his sister and that Mrs. Estelle Brundage was his mother.

"Saulsberry did not believe him, so he sent out inquiries. All he could learn was that Mrs. Brundage was an actress. Then Brundage ceased to write or receive letters, and the time for his departure drew near. Miss Woods and Saulsberry by then had fallen farther and farther apart, with Saulsberry each day becoming more than ever convinced that Brundage sought to lure his sweetheart away to ruin.

"When a man reaches that state of mind, when that state of mind becomes a conviction, and that man is Bruce Saulsberry, a crisis has been reached; so one evening he followed Brundage to the Woods home and stood back of a clump of bushes while Brundage and Lillian talked in the shadow of an oaken tree.

"Brundage was persuasive, tender, and eloquent. He wanted her to run away with him. She refused. Then she accused him of having a wife. He denied it; yet he said they could not be married at once—that she would have to wait a month or two.

"'Why?' she asked curiously.

"'I will tell you later,' he said, 'only come, tonight.'

"'And you dare to ask me to go with you to a strange land and wait a month before marrying you?' she cried, a sense of horror showing in her voice.

"'It is nothing,' he assured her. 'Many people do it.'

"Then Saulsberry rushed upon them. With the pent-up fury and rage of weeks rioting in his veins, searing his mind, contracting his heart, his soul was filled with a lust to kill. Thrusting Miss Woods aside, he knocked Brundage down with the barrel of his gun, and then standing over him like a demon of jealous hate, poured shot after shot into his prostrate body. 'Carrion,' he hissed, and kicked him.

"Miss Woods caught him by the arm. 'Don't!' she cried. 'Don't shoot again!'

"For answer he tossed his gun into the bushes and faced her, cold, merciless, brutal. 'This is what you have done,' he cried. 'Look! See! Blood and death and a body full of holes—a perfidious, lying wretch shot to h—l. And you,' he shrieked, mad to the point of frenzy—'you are as bad as he is. You lied to me; you deceived me, and by G—' he seized her by the throat—'I've a mind to wrench your neck till it breaks.'

"Pausing but still clutching her by the throat, he gazed long and fiercely upon her closed eyes. 'No,' he said finally, in a quieter voice, 'I'll not kill you. I honored you with my love. I'll not harm you with my hands.'

"Letting her unconscious body fall to the ground, he turned and left her—left her lying by the dead tempter—and delivered himself to the sheriff."

The judge paused. He sighed deeply, as tho emerging from some trouble. And I, too, felt a sense of relief.

"But surely," I cried, "he had some justification for what he had done."

"He refused the justification that would have helped him," said the judge. "Scorning evasion, he rejected subterfuge; and with the same elemental force which led him to kill, he would have no defense except that of righteousness based on nature and the laws of life. Brushing aside every attempt of his attorneys to interpose a defense, he stood alone, dramatic and strong. He spoke for a long time. The woman was his; God and nature and she herself had given her to him; any one who sought to take her by unfair means did so at his peril. He said he had killed a viper; with an oath he brought his clinched fists down upon the table, he shouted that he would do it again, and again, and again, if need be. There was none to stop his impassioned flow. Men dared not; the sheriff feared to, so he stood, tall and fierce, and poured into the ears of the jury and the crowded room the story of his shattered love and hope—and never once did he glance at the pale-faced girl, even then in the clutch of the fever that almost robbed her of life. In defiance of precedent and of all rules of procedure, he defended and convicted himself."

"Were there no witnesses?"

"He would have none; and he declined to be cross-examined. Admitting that he killed Brundage, and claiming he was sane at the time, he pointed a commanding finger at the jurymen and shouted for them to say whether he was right or wrong.

"Up to that point he had made a sympathetic impression. The jury knew him. Witnessing the terrible havoc of his jealous rage, it was not unlikely they would have rendered a favorable verdict had he stopped there. But he did not. The same fury which compelled him to kill flared into fresh rage in recollection of his sweetheart's coquetries and her temporary defection, and he cried out that if he were condemned by his own friends he hoped the soul of Lillian Woods would wither in a furnace of h—l's regret.

"Miss Woods swooned. And that instant every sympathy for him left the hearts of the jurymen. They rendered a verdict of murder in the second degree, and later I sentenced him to twenty years at Frankfort."

The judge threw away his cigar and lapsed into silence, reviewing the strangest case he had ever tried. I confess it was one of the strangest I had ever heard about. But the story was incomplete. Shadows were falling about us, the silence of eventide was in the atmosphere, and Saulsberry might arrive at any moment. I interrupted the judge's reverie to ask for the end.

He took from his pocket another cigar—for he was a great smoker—and abruptly asked me what, in my opinion, was the greatest influence upon men and women—even the brute creation; and I answered him readily enough, in the light of his recital, that it was love.

Lightly his finger tapped me on the knee. "And love," he said, "was the magnet that drew them together, the balsam which healed their wounds, the light to illumine a greater and grander future—the influence, William, which will some day make for the redemption of the race. You see, Miss Woods accompanied me to the prison a year ago when Bruce's brother died leaving a million in oil lands, and there the warden and I helped them to make it up."

"And was there nothing heard of Brundage's people?" I asked.

"Yes. We heard that Estelle Savoy was the stage name for Mrs. Estelle Brundage, his wife. That, in fact, led to the commutation of his sentence. But, look! Isn't that a car coming up the hill? Perhaps it is Saulsberry."

We arose in excitement and went to the corner of the porch in front of the hotel office. A moment later the car drew up there. Saulsberry got out of it and Judge Shott grasped him by the hand. I saw a tall, straight, muscular man with the eye of an eagle, firm featured, alert, unsmiling, yet diffusing a warmth sensibly felt and enjoyed—a man of power and capability.

Judge Shott introduced me. The proprietor came and we went into the parlor. Thirty minutes later Saulsberry and Miss Woods were married. One hour later their car bore them away to Wickliffe, to Cairo, to New Orleans, to Texas—to a life of usefulness and love.

Standing Over Him Like a Demon of Jealous Hate, He Poured Shot After Shot Into His Prostrate Body.

From Lucile's Diary

BROWNHURST is the little suburban town where the Nodines live. I decided to surprise them, and I went out on Thursday by the morning train. Leaving my suitcase in the station, I strolled thru the village to their pretty home in the most casual way.

"Why, Lucile," Carol—Mrs. Nodine—exclaimed when she looked up from the young carrots she was thinning and saw me standing by her side, "where did you drop from?"

"From the dull and smoky town," I answered.

My glance traveled from the masses of purple and white lilac bloom that hedged in the far end of the garden to the forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley that bordered the path. "Aren't you lucky to live in this paradise?"

"Yes, lucky to live and work in it," said Carol, rising from her knees and pulling off her earthy gloves, "and I am very glad to share it with you for a little while, Lucile, because you do look rather pale and worn."

It was snippy of Carol to welcome me with an allusion to my pallor. I am sure that I look much fresher and younger than she does, despite her vaunted country life.

"As soon as my suitcase comes up from the station I'll put on my land army uniform and help you all the afternoon," I told her. "I designed my own uniform. The knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket are awfully chic."

"I dare say," said Carol, "but don't get into them this afternoon, Lucile, for I shall not be working in the garden. I go to the Red Cross after lunch."

"You'll excuse me from that, won't you? That wouldn't be any change for me. I might as well be home if I'm folding gauze. You understand how I feel, don't you?"

"Yes, perfectly, Lucile. You can rest and read while I'm at the Red Cross. Make yourself at home in every way."

"Thank you, Carol," I replied gratefully, and I did invite my soul for two hours in the afternoon. Then, becoming a bit bored, I went outdoors to find something to do. I was delighted to see in the wood lot behind the garden an enormous pile of leaves.

"Just the thing," I said to myself gayly. "I'll have a lovely big bonfire, and get rid of all this heap for Carol. I lighted it immediately, for I adore the pungent odor of burning leaves. I had a rake to stir them and I had been enjoying myself hugely when I heard Carol calling me excitedly.

"How did they get on fire?" she asked breathlessly as she came running to my side.

"I lighted them. Isn't it a glorious bonfire?"

"Oh, Lucile, why did you do that?"

"To burn them for you, of course."

"But Tom and I were saving them for compost. Rotted leaves enrich the soil wonderfully, and now they're just about all gone. Oh, dear, what will Tom say? We must put out the fire before any more of the trees are injured."

"Injured?" I repeated.

"Yes, don't you see, Lucile, that all the tender young foliage in the trees around this fire is getting frizzled and wilted? We can carry water from the pump. The garden hose won't reach so far."

Carrying pails and pails of water did not appeal to me as a very interesting form of exercise, but, of course, I had to help her put out the fire. Tom came home while we were still at it, and he looked a question at Carol.

"They got lighted by—by, mistake," she explained.

"And look at those trees. I don't believe they will ever recover. Our efforts at scientific gardening don't seem to be highly successful," he remarked crossly. He took the pail from Carol. "Dear, you look all in. I'll finish up this fire in short order."

He scarcely greeted me at all, and neither of them appeared to notice that I was almost exhausted. It is really trying to be with people who are so selfishly wrapped up in each other as are the Nodines.

Carol went to bed immediately after dinner, because, as Tom explained, the smoke had hurt her eyes and made her head ache. He apologized for having to devote his attention to some government blue prints, and I had such a dreary evening that I decided to take the opportunity to get some extra beauty sleep, and went to bed myself before 10.

When I found the next morning that Tom had gone to the city and Carol was still in her room with her headache, I hastily gathered a charming big bunch of lilacs, and leaving a note for her, I took the mid-morning train for home. I felt that Carol had not made the effort to get up and entertain me that a guest might properly expect. I have always thought that she babies herself unnecessarily.

* * *

Inconsistency.

"GIVE me the old-fashioned book with the hero that stays hero thruout the book, and all the time whatever may betide, and the villain who is consistent in his villainy," said the tall talker to the lovely librarian.

"Yes?" said the lovely librarian, noncommittally.

"Yes, indeed," the tall talker continued. "And it would be even more satisfactory if people in real life would be more like the ones in the good old-fashioned books and stick either to villainy or to heroism. But they don't stick. They mix good and bad. They are annoyingly inconsistent. Nothing is more disconcerting than the way that villains in real life have of suddenly jumping up and being heroic. And the heroes have the same fashion of lapsing into villainy.

"There's Mrs. Carstairson out in our neighborhood. She is always forcing herself into the limelight. It makes no difference who is elected president of anything, Mrs. Carstairson always presides, and no matter who may be the official secretary Mrs. Carstairson always shows her authority over that office.

"And then there is Mrs. Scratch, the critic. She has the same role. She everlastingly lambastes everybody all the time. She is the cattiest, most cuttingly sarcastic old female villain that ever lived. Yet neither is consistent. They relapse into civic virtue. When Red Cross members were falling into line too slowly it was Mrs. Carstairson who went around and rounded up every man, woman and child and made them come across handsomely and at once. And when the Red Cross sewing machines went on strike and no one could fix them it was Mrs. Scratch who took things into her own hands and had every sewing machine put in order at her own expense.

"The funny part of it is that none of the gentle, sweet voiced ladies could deliver the goods at a critical time the way those two old dowagers did.

"Then there's a woman out where I live who makes my mother and my sister and my aunt so mad at the views she spouts. Not that the views are so bad, but she has a sassy way of being positive. So people want to write her down a villain in their books with a capital V, but just as they are reaching for the ink and the penholder she puts over some fine patriotic stunt that knocks them out completely.

"Just as you get ready to hiss somebody who ought to be hissed he goes and accomplishes something big, while the ones you are preparing to applaud are liable to disappoint you at the last minute. When you think you have the goods on a man he's liable to tell the truth or pay a bill or remember that you were the best swimmer back in the old home town. That's human nature."

"Oh, I think so, too!" said the lovely librarian.

* * *

Our views of society depend upon whether we are inside or outside.

Second Installment of the Story of a Woman's Regeneration

THE BRANDED SMUGGLER

By Jeannette King

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Resume of the Opening Chapter

THE great woman diamond smuggler, hiding in Paris while she lays plans to carry a million francs' worth of stolen gems out of France, becomes disgusted with the adventurous life she has led. She shakes dice with Duval, the clever thief, to see whether or not she will handle this deal. She loses. The diamonds are in the hands of an old hag, who has taken care of the woman who has been known among thieves and smugglers as "Red Bonnet." "Red Bonnet" feels that she came from good stock. She asks the old hag how much she will take to tell from whence she originally came and who her people were. The hag refuses to tell. While the hag is preparing the diamonds so "Red Bonnet" can smuggle them out of Paris, a detective from England arrives on the scene. He has been searching for "Red Bonnet" for years. Franz, a Frenchman of a fine old family, who have disowned him, has finally fallen into the ways of crime; he loves "Red Bonnet." She is fond of him. Franz warns "Red Bonnet" that the detective is seeking a girl of her description.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 29, dated July 20.

CHAPTER VII.

THEY FLEE FOR AMERICA.

WHEN "Red Bonnet" beheld Franz's drawn and excited face she knew instinctively that something had happened. Instantly she arose from her chair and, drawing up another, made him seat himself. It was a full five minutes before he had sufficiently recovered himself from the exertion to find strength enough to tell her of her danger. In the meantime, "Red Bonnet" had beckoned the hunchback, who had re-entered the cafe, immediately upon seeing Franz, to bring another cup of coffee. This the hunchback did, posthaste, and Franz drank the black liquid in one gulp. It seemed to put new life into him, for he sat up in his chair and began to speak with rapidity.

"I tried to find you last night," he said hurriedly, "but when I arrived at Duval's house he told me that you were already safely home, so I did not bother. I thought then it would be time enough to warn you not to come here again, but, this morning, when I reached the shop, Mother Louise told me that you had come here; I ran all the way to tell you that we must leave at once."

He then began to recount his meeting with the stranger the night before, and the hunchback's story. "Red Bonnet" flushed red. She, too, saw the danger of remaining much longer, and Franz, to make his appeal the stronger, repeated the old woman's words and her warning.

On hearing them "Red Bonnet" remembered what the woman had said to her the night before, about hiding the disfigurement on her forehead from the eyes of the police. Evidently the old woman must have been thinking of just such a contingency as this, when she had voiced the warning.

"Red Bonnet's" eyes, for the first time, expressed genuine fright.

"There's no time to be lost," she said hoarsely. "I shall leave for Havre this very morning. That man must not find me. I will take the eleven-thirty train for Havre; it will bring me there in a few hours."

"You are going alone?" asked Franz.

"Yes; there is less danger, than if Duval or his partner were to go with me. To throw the police off the track, Duval is leaving for Italy tomorrow, at the same hour, as when I sail for New York, and his partner will leave for England in a few days."

"I cannot let you go alone," Franz said quietly, but with a conviction in his voice that made "Red Bonnet" look at him in wonder.

"Why not?"

"Simply, as you say, because the danger is too great; I am going with you."

"Oh, but you cannot do that."

"I can, and I will," he said.

"Franz, dear, listen to me; it will not be possible."

"Nothing is impossible when one loves," he replied.

This he said in the same quiet voice which he had employed before, but "Red Bonnet" detected a vibrant note therein, that made her dark, oval face flush. Franz noted it and knew that his cause had won; he reached across the table and took one of her hands.

"This is what you are to do," he said, and that same peculiar note in his voice thrilled the woman opposite him, and made her marvel at the man-power that prompted it. "You will leave for Havre, this morning; when you get there take a suite of rooms at the hotel opposite the station. I will follow you on the four o'clock train."

Franz paused for a moment, and the "Red Bonnet" nodded.

"That is not all," he continued, smiling. "Tomorrow morning we will go to the mayor's office and have the official there marry us. Then we can sail for America together."

But "Red Bonnet" shook her head. "That would not be fair to you," she said slowly. "I have been a thief my whole life—or at least as much of my life as I remember distinctly. You come from a good family. Supposing you ever decided to go back to them, or they found you; you know they've been searching for you ever since you left them. What would become of me then? You would, in all probability, take me with you, and your family would be ashamed of me. You, too, would be ashamed to call a thief, even a reformed thief, your wife.

"It would be different if I came from a family that had some standing; but I have always been a gutter snipe. Your people could not help looking upon me as the scum of the earth, even had I an honest record behind me. Think what that would mean to you and to me. We cannot marry."

"But we will," Franz declared firmly. "And it will be today. To prevent you from trying to save me from a humiliating meeting with my parents, I shall leave Paris with you, on the eleven-thirty train."

"Red Bonnet" shrugged her shoulders helplessly, confessing herself beaten by his argument. Nevertheless, she added, "if the day comes when you will go back to your people I will not go with you. You need not worry; I will not humiliate you with my presence."

"Then I shall never return to them," said Franz, "not unless you revoke your decision." Here, in spite of the hunchback's presence in the room, he got up, and walked to the other side of the table, where "Red Bonnet" was sitting, and drew her towards him in a fond embrace. The hunchback turned about quickly and pretended to be busy with his dusting; but the scene was indelibly imprinted on his memory.

"Let us be on our way," said Franz to the girl, "or we will be late." He dropped fifteen centimes on the table for the hunchback, and walking on, laid a franc on the counter before Madame Rebot.

"Money must be plentiful, these days," she sniffed contemptuously.

"Yes," answered Franz simply, "a friend of mine, who borrowed thirty thousand francs from me five years ago, returned them to me this morning, with interest. They came to me by special messenger."

He affected not to see the look of blank astonishment that came over the woman's face, and passed out into the street with "Red Bonnet."

When they reached the sidewalk "Red Bonnet" laughed in amusement at what she considered Franz's joke, but he suddenly became sober, and assured her that he had told Madame Rebot nothing but the truth.

"The fact is," he said, "I had almost forgotten the money, under the stress and excitement of this morning. But I am truly glad to have the money; I believe that it will help us both to get away from this life we abhor, and go out into a fresher, purer path of life. When we leave Havre tomorrow we are going to drop the old life into the sea, and begin anew. A year in the open, somewhere in America's great West, will restore my health, and enable me to go out into the world and battle for a living. There in the New World we will both of us begin a new life; and, when we can both say that we have been cleansed, and we have worked out our salvation, we will go back to my people."

"Red Bonnet" looked at him thru tear-filled eyes. "There is only one thing that I fear, in all that paradise of loveliness, and that is that the man Graham will find us."

The man's grasp on her arm tightened convulsively. "We will manage to escape him," he whispered, and then was silent. So they walked on for the rest of the distance, arm linked in arm, until they came to the corner of the street on which the little shop stood.

"Be at the station in an hour," he said, releasing "Red Bonnet's" arm. "I will meet you there."

"In an hour, then," she said, smiling at him tenderly, and with that she hastened away. Franz stood at the corner and watched her disappear into the shop. Then he hurried away.

CHAPTER VIII.

DETECTIVE IS TOO LATE.

IT WAS three days after the departure of Franz and "Red Bonnet" before Graham again returned to the Cafe Rebot. The hunchback, who was waiting on another customer, came forward eagerly, brushing by Rebot himself, who frowned on the desertion of the other diner, and made his way straight to Graham's side. Graham regarded him absently, as tho absorbed in some weighty problem, but the moment the hunchback began to speak his entire being was electrified.

"The woman you were looking for was here three days ago; she is dark and tall, with wide-set eyes, and a great mop of dark hair which she wears low, over her forehead. She comes in here often, but I never thought she was the one you were looking for until the other day, when she brushed her hair away from her face, and I saw the mark. It is shaped like a bonnet and shows up red against the white of her temple."

"When did you say she was here last?" asked the visitor tersely.

"Three days ago; she has not been here since. Neither have any of her companions."

The man's figure relaxed. Then there had not yet come an end to his weary search. Nevertheless, he squared his jaw and made up his mind to see it thru. He ordered his dinner absently, and listened not at all to the chatter of the hunchback who served him. When he had finished he turned the pages of his London daily, and his eyes chanced on an article that told of the landing of a notorious jewel thief. The man had been detained for a while, with the hope of recovering some of the jewels that had been stolen in Paris. The jewels had not been found, and the man was released. He gazed idly at the article, and did not notice that the hunchback was standing over him, reading the paper over his shoulder. In a second, however, the hunchback made his presence known.

"This is one of the men," he said, pointing to the picture of the crook. "I don't know his name, but I know where he lives."

"Where's that?" asked Graham, hoping to gain some information by going to the house when the crook was not at home.

The hunchback described the house, and gave Graham directions for reaching it. It was none other than the house to which "Red Bonnet" had gone with Duval, the night the jewels were given over to Mother Louise. After writing down the directions carefully, Graham paid his bill, and buttoning his overcoat to his chin, made ready to go. The hunchback laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Do I get the three thousand francs reward?" he demanded.

"Yes," answered Graham, "if she is really the woman I am looking for. Not only that, but you will get an additional sum from the people who are looking for her."

The hunchback escorted the guest to the door, and then after watching his figure disappear around a curve in the road, went back to his work in the dining-room. His mind was filled with vivid dreams of the paradise which the money that would soon be his, would buy for him.

When Graham reached the house, it was deserted. He tried several doors, but one of them yielded. Slowly, he retraced his steps, and walked in the direction of the cafe.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE THIEF RETURNS.

PERHAPS if Graham had remained in the Cafe Rebot a moment longer, he might have seen the man for whom he was looking. No sooner had he turned the curve in the road leading to Duval's house, than the jewel thief, somewhat the worse for adventures on the other side of the Channel, dropped a heavy traveling bag on the floor next to the table nearest the door, and seated himself directly in front of the row of mirrors that adorned the wall.

As luck would have, the hunchback did not see him enter. He was too busy in the kitchen telling Emile, the cook, what he was going to buy with the big reward which was being offered for information regarding the woman Graham was looking for. At intervals, the sound of his squeaky voice, raised in excitement, percolated thru the thin partition which separated the kitchen from the cafe proper.

The man was in no hurry to be served; he was suffering more from fatigue than from hunger, and his presence might have passed unnoticed if it had not been for Madame Rebot who sat in her cashier's cage and guided the destinies of the little cafe with a firm hand. It was she who tapped impatiently on the bell that stood ever ready at her elbow.

The hunchback shuffled in, and glided by the newcomer with unseeing eyes. He was still enmeshed in the dreams he was weaving.

"Serve the gentleman," Madame ordered, indicating the man with the traveling bag by his side.

The hunchback walked silently to the table she designated, but immediately forgot his mission when Graham's shadow fell unexpectedly across the door. The detective looked worn and somehow beaten. He took a table directly back of the dusty traveler, also facing the mirror. In his excitement over Graham's return, the hunchback completely forgot about the other diner. Madame again reminded him of his duty, and in a daze he took the order and retreated to the kitchen. A moment later, he was standing at Graham's side chattering like a monkey. But the detective was in no mood to listen to him.

"Bring me a cup of black coffee," he demanded, waving the waiter away, "and make it strong."

The hunchback did his bidding; after bringing Graham his coffee, and setting dinner before his other customer, he again retreated to the kitchen to discuss the possibilities of his great good fortune with Emile, whose consuming curiosity was his sole reason for listening to the fool's chatter.

Inside, Graham lit a cigar, flicked the ashes from its end as it gradually burnt down, and sipped his coffee. At that moment he was debating with himself on the advisability of returning to London and looking for the crook whom the hunchback had said was the woman's companion. He was on the point of deciding on this next move, when he chanced to look up. There, in the mirror, he saw the face of the man he was thinking of.

The sudden turn in the tide, put fresh courage into his heart. He finished his coffee hastily, and walked over to where the man was sitting. Duval's partner, Georget, eyed him with suspicion. After his unpleasant experience with the London police, he was in no humor to talk to a stranger whose very dress proclaimed him an Englishman. Graham's preliminary remarks, therefore, met with little response. Georget gave his entire attention to his dinner, but Graham was not to be shaken from his purpose. He hung on doggedly, until finally Georget, in self-defense was forced to listen and make some answer.

Graham pressed his cause. He was anxious to question the man about the woman he was looking for, but it took some time before the opening presented itself. It came when the hunchback brought him his bill for the coffee, and presented his companion with one for his dinner. He dismissed the waiter with a fifteen centime tip, and lowering his voice, looked directly into Georget's eyes.

"Perhaps you know what brings me to Paris," he began, "our waiter may have told you. It's no secret. I am looking for a girl—a woman to be more exact—who is said to live in this district. Her relatives have had no news of her in twenty years, yet they haven't given up finding her. In fact, they have very good reason to believe that she lives and that with a little perseverance, she will come back to them."

"What's the woman's name?" asked Georget, scenting a possible reward for himself if he found the woman in question.

"She would scarcely be known by the name she was given on birth," answered Graham smiling. "The woman that kidnaped her was too keen for that. The only definite thing we know about her is that she bears a strawberry mark on her temple. Presumably, she is dark with a gypsy-like skin and eyes. Have you ever seen a woman that fits that description?"

Georget made no response. If he was startled when Graham mentioned the mark on her forehead, he did not indicate this either by word or action. In a vague way, he knew the history of "Red Bonnet." He was living in Paris at the time that Mother Louise brought the girl there from a retreat in Italy. Once he had seen the mark on the girl's forehead when she had pushed back her hair. Immediately his latent suspicions were aroused. What if the Englishman were trying to trap him and his com-

panions into a confession? From all that he had said, Georget gathered that the man was a detective. He therefore believed his only safe course lay in dissimulation. So he shrugged his shoulders.

"I have never seen such a person as you mention," he said smiling to hide his anxiety, "but if I should hear of one after making inquiry in the neighborhood, I will let you know. Of course there's a reward for the one who finds her?" This last was more a query than an assertion.

"Three thousand francs are offered for information leading to her whereabouts. An extra thousand francs goes to the man who will bring her to my suite in the Maison Richarde." He took his card from his pocket, and scribbled his hotel address on it. Then drawing on his gloves, he made ready to depart.

No sooner had Graham left the cafe than Georget, picking up his traveling bag, paid Madame Rebot his bill, and left, posthaste. He hurried to the deserted house, not far distant and left the bag in one of the lower floor rooms. Then, witout delay, he set out for Mother Louise's shop to tell her about the stranger who might bring harm to them all.

CHAPTER X.

THE HAG PROVES FALSE.

A SERIES of rapid knocks given in code did not bring the old woman to the door with her accustomed alacrity. It was several minutes before the door was finally opened, and then by a girl of 15 or thereabouts.

"What do you want?" she demanded rudely, "Mother Louise is ill. She cannot stand the racket."

"I must see her at once, whether she is ill or well. I've an important message for her." He pushed the girl to one side and made his way to the rooms in back of the shop. The girl carefully bolted the door and followed, fearful of a scolding; but in a moment any fears that she might have had on that subject were dissipated.

"Ah," said the old hag in a cracked voice. "Georget, my friend, you are welcome. I was thinking about you before you dropped in; I need your help."

Georget looked at the girl who had admitted him. He was loath to impart the information in her presence.

"Send her out," he whispered to Mother Louise, "I've something to tell you."

The girl moved toward another room, and Mother Louise's unpleasant voice dismissed her for the night. The child was evidently glad to go, for she hurriedly picked up a black shawl from the foot of the bed, and slinging it over her shoulders, left by way of a rear door. Georget rose and followed her, watching her hurry down the passageway. Then he bolted the door and resumed his seat at the bedside.

"What news of Red Bonnet?" he asked, bending over the old woman's ear as tho he feared some one might hear him.

The old woman laughed. "Gone three days," she answered. "She's gone with that crazy Franz. They sail for America before the week is over."

Georget breathed a sigh of relief.

"We can thank our lucky stars for that," he exclaimed. "I will manage to detain Graham, then, until she is safely on board ship. Once in America, he can never find her."

"What are you talking about, anyway?" demanded the old hag, irritably. "Who is this Graham, and what is his business with 'Red Bonnet?'"

Briefly, Georget outlined his conversation with Graham, He elaborated on the danger to "Red Bonnet" and themselves if the detective should learn of her whereabouts.

"As long as she has the jewels with her, we must protect her. As a matter of fact, I think this man is using this ruse to find out our connection with the robbery." Georget was genuinely agitated about his meeting with the Englishman, not so much for the sake of "Red Bonnet," for whom he had no particular affection, but to protect himself against discovery.

He was surprised and not a trifle angry at the smile which the old woman attempted. He did not know that it was not the first time she had heard about Graham's arrival in Paris.

The old woman soon let him know, however, that there was little danger to himself or "Red Bonnet" in the proximity of the Englishman. In this instance, she believed it was foolish to let Georget deceive himself with any notions regarding his own safety, since she needed him to complete a task which she had only begun. Briefly, she told him the story of "Red Bonnet." It was not new to Georget; nevertheless, he listened to it without interruption, and his quick mind grasped the hidden fear in her voice, altho in relating the story the old woman said not a word about it. Instinctively, almost, he knew that he might use this fear as a weapon against her should occasion arise.

He was startled by the suddenness with which it presented itself. After a momentary silence Mother Louise demanded: "Do you want to make some money—lots of it?"

Georget shed his fatigue and indifference like a cloak. "How? When?" he asked.

"Right away." The old hag raised herself on one elbow and pointed a bony finger in the direction of the showcase that stood in the front of the shop. "Go in there," she said, "and get me that string of black beads lying inside the box with the wax flowers."

Georget did as he was bidden, and returned in a minute with the beads, which he flung on the bed. "Well," he said, "here they are. What good are they?"

Mother Louise gave herself up to mirth. "What good are they?" she repeated mockingly, "why, this string of beads is worth a quarter of a million francs or more." She waited to see what effect these words might have on Georget, but it seemed they hardly moved him. It was evident he thought the old woman was merely talking for effect. His bearing even had something of impatience in it, and her mirth gave way to anger.

"You fool," she hissed, sitting up and letting the bed covers fall from her shoulders and arms, "don't you understand? Those are the diamonds."

"What?" George demanded incredulously.

"Yes, 'Red Bonnet' was so anxious to leave Paris after she had heard about this man you call Graham, that she forgot her customary caution, and took the string of beads I gave her without question. What she's got in her trunk isn't worth five francs. It's a string I took from stock. The real diamonds are here." The crone patted the beads lovingly. "My pretties," she croaked, "mine, all mine. Now you must help me to get rid of them."

She turned to Georget as she spoke; his face was livid. For a second she believed that the man was going to have a stroke. At last she put out her hand and touched him with uncertainty. Georget turned on her with a volley of oaths. He was beside himself with rage.

"What do you mean, you old witch?" he asked hoarsely, "what do you mean? It can't be possible that you kept these jewels here in Paris when we had such a good opportunity to get rid of them. You must be crazy."

"Why so?" she asked sullenly. "They're as safe here as they would be with 'Red Bonnet.' Besides, from the way she acted before she left, I'm sure that she meant to sell the diamonds and keep the money for herself. She and that sneaking Franz went off together. It's a good riddance to both of them."

Georget laughed mirthlessly. "What's the good of lying?" he demanded. "You know as well as I do that 'Red Bonnet' never intended any such thing. You wanted the money for yourself and you thought this was a good time to fool the girl when she was excited over the prospect of being followed by detectives. It was your greediness."

"And if it was?" she said insolently.

Georget put one large hand on her shoulder and shook her slightly. "Do you know what you've done?" he asked, bringing his face down to a level with hers, "you've not robbed only 'Red Bonnet,' but you've robbed all of us, Duval and me and yourself as well. We can't dispose of the jewels here in Paris; neither dare we take them away, because the police are watching. Only yesterday I was searched and detained in London. Do you hear, you've robbed every one of us, and you're going to pay. You're going to pay," he shouted. His fingers tightened on her shoulder until the old hag began to whimper with pain. Georget released his grip and walked out of the room. The old hag called after him.

"What are you going to do?"

"You'll find out soon enough," he answered, grimly as he banged the shop door after him.

The old woman lay still. Fear, cold and clammy, held her in its grip. Old memories came flooding back to her, and caused her to move restlessly in her bed. She still held the long string of cleverly hidden jewels. Her fingers clutched them spasmodically. Suddenly she lifted her hand high in the air and dropped them on the rugless floor beside her bed. They made a dull sound as they landed. Mother Louise buried her face in the pillows and her body shook wtih terror. The end was near. She had shot her bolt, and missed.

Only One of Them Would Go to Prison and That One Was Himself.

CHAPTER XI.

DETECTIVE FINDS THE TRAIL.

IT WAS too late to return to the Cafe Rebot when Georget left the shop that night, so he waited until the next morning before going there in search of Graham. The place was empty. Georget sat down at a table facing the door and waited. The hunchback brought him the usual breakfast of coffee and rolls and went back to his work at the buffet polishing the cutlery. A couple of hours went by. Georget was growing impatient. He called to the hunchback, who shuffled across the floor to his table.

"Where is the Englishman?" he demanded.

"The Englishman?" the hunchback asked, "who is that?"

Georget shot him a piercing look and the fellow's face turned red.

"Bah," said Georget, "why do you lie? When does the Englishman come here?"

The hunchback saw that there was little sense in trying to deceive the man. Yet he was loath to give him any information. His own lust for the reward prevented him from answering. He stood there silently, shifting from one foot to the other, and keeping his eyes averted.

Georget smiled on him evilly. "Eh bien," he said, plucking the hunchback by the sleeve, "don't tell me, then. I can stay all day. It makes no difference."

The morning drifted along lazily. Near one o'clock the figure of the Englismman loomed in the doorway. The hunchback started. Georget regarded him with contemptuous pity, which sent the fellow scurrying back to his post at the buffet. Then Georget beckoned to Graham, who joined him at the table. Graham listened attentively to the happenings of the evening before, showing his approval every now and then by nodding his head.

"It seems to me," he said at last, "that the old woman you describe is the same one who kidnaped Maida. The facts dovetail together nicely. I should like to go to see her."

The men ate their dinner hastily and started out for the shop. When they arrived there, Georget left Graham in the shop proper while he went ahead into the old woman's room. There he found Mother Louise, still in bed, her eyes glazed with pain. She was fast going off into unconsciousness. He made a step towards the bed to see if the old woman recognized him, and his feet touched the string of beads which lay on the floor. He stooped hastily, and, picking them up, deposited them in his pocket. He did not know whether or not the old woman had seen him do it but if she did, she gave no sign, and Georget felt his heart beat more easily.

He then beckoned Graham to enter. Graham removed his hat as he came into the room. No sooner did Mother Louise see him than she covered her face with her hands, and groaned aloud. Her whole body seeemd to twitch with fright. When she looked up again, he was standing beside her bed, looking down at her.

"Oh," she gasped "you?"

Graham nodded.

A sudden supernatural strength came into the old woman's shrunken frame. She sat upright in bed, and thru thin, parched lips managed to utter, "I don't know where she is. She's gone."

Mother Louise laughed wildly, and waved her arms above her head.

"Gone," she screamed, "do you hear me?"

A paroxysm of pain made her eyes bulge, and she sank back again on her pillow, too weak to go on. Her life was fast ebbing away. Graham, looking at her, was moved to pity.

"Don't worry," he said, putting his hand over hers, "we'll do you no harm. We only want to know where she is."

His words, and the knowledge that death was near, made the old woman soften. Her voice was growing weaker, and came up to the two men in quivering tones.

"She's gone to Havre with Franz. From there, they're going to America. New York, perhaps; I don't know. Georget here will tell you. Go and find them. 'Red Bonnet' has always been a good girl. She thinks——" here she stopped to gather her last remnant of strength. Her next words were almost incoherent. "The jewels—this man," she pointed at Georget, but could not go on. The old woman's head dropped. Georget gave her a frightened look to see if she would revive again, but Graham shook his head.

"She's dead," he announced, "we'll have to notify the authorities." There was a pause for a moment, as he drew the bed coverings over the old woman's head. "Wonder what jewels she was talking about?" he asked, turning to Georget. His suspicions were crystallized when he noted the look of black anger that crept into Georget's face at his words. Graham noted that his right hand closed

nervously over something he had in his pocket.

"The old woman was delirious," he said, brusquely. Graham shrugged his shoulders; he said nothing about his suspicions or about the news item he had read in the London daily, and Georget believed that he had foiled the detective.

CHAPTER XII.
THE SLEUTH MEETS HER.

IN THE meanwhile, Graham went on to Havre, but not before he had notified the Parisian police that he believed the famous diamonds were in Georget's possession. There he discovered that the woman for whom he was looking had been married that very day, and had secured passage to New York on the steamship Empress-of-the-Seas. Immediately Graham made all preparation to sail for America on the same steamer. He booked his passage on the very afternoon of his arrival in Havre, and felt satisfied that his mission was near an end. Once on board the Empress-of-the-Seas, the woman had little chance to escape his watchful eyes.

He felt, however, that his task might have been easier, had he known the man she had married. He wondered whether or not he had ever seen him in the Cafe Rebot, in Paris, and he searched his memory to conjure up the faces that he had seen there. Still, in his mind, he fit none of them to the superficial description which Georget had given him.

Somehow, this one missing link in his chain of faces, left him with a vague misapprehension. This he knew was the result of two things. First he did not know what part either this Franz or "Red Bonnet" had had in the famous jewel robbery that was stirring Paris. The old woman had said she didn't have the jewels, but even this slight comfort was offset by the fear of her husband's influence. Graham pictured Franz as a sly, underhanded fellow with the cunning of a fox and the cruelty of a tiger, a man after Georget's pattern. "Red Bonnet's" training, too, must have made her conform to a great degree with the type whom he had just left behind him.

He was so busy thinking about the various angles and contingencies of the problem that confronted him, that he paid no attention to the man who stood at his elbow when he signed for his stateroom on the steamer. Neither did he notice how the slight, pale fellow started as tho he had seen an apparition, and then hurried away, looking back every few steps to see that the detective was not following him.

It was Franz; Graham did not know him, but almost instantly, he had recognized the detective, and started away to warn "Red Bonnet" of her danger. He wanted her to abandon her trip across the ocean on the Empress-of-the-Seas. He believed that she would be safer in France, than on the high seas, where there would be no escape from the detective. But the girl was obdurate.

"No," she said with finality, "there is much more danger in Havre than on shipboard. I will disguise myself if need be so that he will never be able to recognize me, and if the worst comes to the worst, we can get rid of the jewels more easily on sea than we can if we stayed here."

Franz was dubious. He felt that Graham would recognize them under any circumstances, but "Red Bonnet" allayed his fears with the effectiveness of her make-up. In fact, he himself was hardly able to tell whether or not it was his wife who stood facing him in the doorway of their bedroom. A half hour earlier she had gone into the room a brunette; thirty minutes later she emerged as blonde. "Red Bonnet" had hidden her dark tresses under a perfectly made blonde wig. Her skin, fair for a dark-haired person had been carefully gone over, and now showed white with a faint rose-blush in the cheeks. Even her clothes had undergone a change. The dark-colored dress which she had been wearing was changed for something lighter in tone and material.

"How do you like me?" she asked, smiling at Franz's astonishment.

"Good," he laughed. "I hardly know my own wife. I think we can make the trip without much difficulty."

So it was that Franz and "Red Bonnet" left for America on the same ship which carried Graham. From the first, they avoided the other passengers and kept to themselves. They were afraid of betraying themselves by word or look. Graham devoted the first day and the next to getting acquainted with everybody on board ship, but tho he knew she was on the steamer, he found no trace of "Red Bonnet." Without knowing who she was, he drew "Red Bonnet" herself into conversation, but elicited little information from her. He felt baffled.

But luck was with him. The next night when he paced the ship's decks after midnight trying to untangle the mystery that confronted him, he again picked up the elusive clew of the woman who had succeeded in evading him.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE JEWELS ARE KEPT.

FROM the first day after the Empress-of-the-Seas left its French wharf, Franz prevailed upon the "Red Bonnet" to rid herself of the jewels, but for a time it seemed as tho his arguments would be unavailing. "Red Bonnet" felt that she had suffered too much in the past to give them up without obtaining what she had always longed for from their disposal—namely, an income which would put her beyond the necessity of ever stealing again. Then, too, she wanted to know the secret of her birth. It was this, more than anything else that kept her from throwing the jewels overboard.

But Franz was unwilling to let the woman he loved pay such a price to gratify a whim, and finally after many hours of uncertainty, "Red Bonnet" agreed to let Franz drop the gems overboard at his first opportunity.

It was three days later, when the Empress-of-the-Seas was sailing in mid-ocean, that the chance presented itself. Long after midnight, Franz and "Red Bonnet" slipped out of their stateroom, thru the length of the second cabin, and climbing a narrow, steep stair, found their way on the upper deck. The moon had disappeared from the west and only the stars, studding a blue-black heaven looked down at them. The small light on the stairway threw their figures in grotesque relief against the sides of the white lifeboats. The air was still; only the monotonous swishing of the waves against the side of the boat, came up to them. "Red Bonnet" sighed. What a night to get rid of the past life, with all its storm and confusion. Peace lay before her.

She clung to Franz's arm as they walked towards the rail. Franz siling tenderly patted her hand, and tightened his grip on the box he was carrying.

"It will soon be over," he said, "we're going to make a fresh start."

They gazed down into the darkness. The salt smell of the sea and the song of the lapping waves came up to greet them.

"Now," she commanded, releasing her arm. Franz took the box from his pocket. He held it in his hand for a second before pitching it into the sea. Suddenly he felt "Red Bonnet's" hand creep up to his arm in terror; her fingers gripped him convulsively. "No," she whispered, catching her breath, "he's watching us."

Instantly Franz's body grew tense. How long he stood there with his arm out, poised to throw the box of gems into the sea, he did not know. It seemed like hours to him; in reality, it was only a few seconds. Then with extreme caution, he put the box back in his pocket, and looked around. A shadow detached itself from a pile of cording in one corner. It was Graham. Neither by speech or motion did he betray that he had seen them, but Franz and "Red Bonnet" knew, and both were filled with a sense of impending calamity.

Without speaking, they fled down the stairway by which they had mounted to the deck, as tho impelled by the same force. They reached their own stateroom in safety; that night, they did not sleep. Franz felt that it was only a question of time before Graham would arrest them—perhaps when they entered New York harbor, and he made up his mind as to the course he would follow. Not for a moment did he let "Red Bonnet" keep the jewels in her possession. He had decided that if they were apprehended, only one of them would go to prison, and that one was himself.

CHAPTER XIV.
THEY ESCAPE GRAHAM.

GRAHAM had seen them. Slowly the detective followed the man and woman and reached the hall of the cabin in time to note the number of the room into which they had disappeared. During the next two days, Graham took pains to find out as much as possible about the couple from the captain and the steward. "Red Bonnet" did not go on deck after that eventful meeting. She kept her stateroom, while Franz, long after the others were sleeping sought a favorable opportunity to rid himself of the jewels. None, however, presented itself. He was fearful of Graham; on the other hand, Graham was afraid lest the woman and her husband escape him altogether, and so he too was wary.

Yet Graham watched him; saw that he entered the room to which the mysterious couple had repaired the night before. He was quite certain now, that he had found the woman altho she in no way answered the description which the relatives had given of her. Then he thought of the possibility of her wearing a wig; he smiled at his own guilelessness. How easily he had been fooled by this simple ruse. He never saw the woman again after that night on shipboard, but the action of the man was indicative of fear. He wondered at the reason. Perhaps after all, they had the jewels with them in spite of what the old woman had said. He hoped, however, that Mother Louise had told the truth. Yet, if they had not taken the jewels with them, why had they run away? What had they to fear?

This, Graham could not answer. It remained an unsolved puzzle even after the steamer had glided into the harbor. Not once did Graham allow himself to be swerved from his purpose. He kept a hawk-like watch on Franz and "Red Bonnet" and did not let them escape from his sight. He noted again that they were watching him covertly, but he gave no sign.

Their actions were unexplainable. He watched the man approach the railing again and again as they neared their landing; saw him clutch something in his pocket nervously, draw it part way out, and drop it back again. Graham knew that the man was aware of being watched. He tried hard to appear disinterested, and divert suspicion, but they continued to watch him. It dawned on him that while his quarry was near at hand, his task was harder than he had first believed.

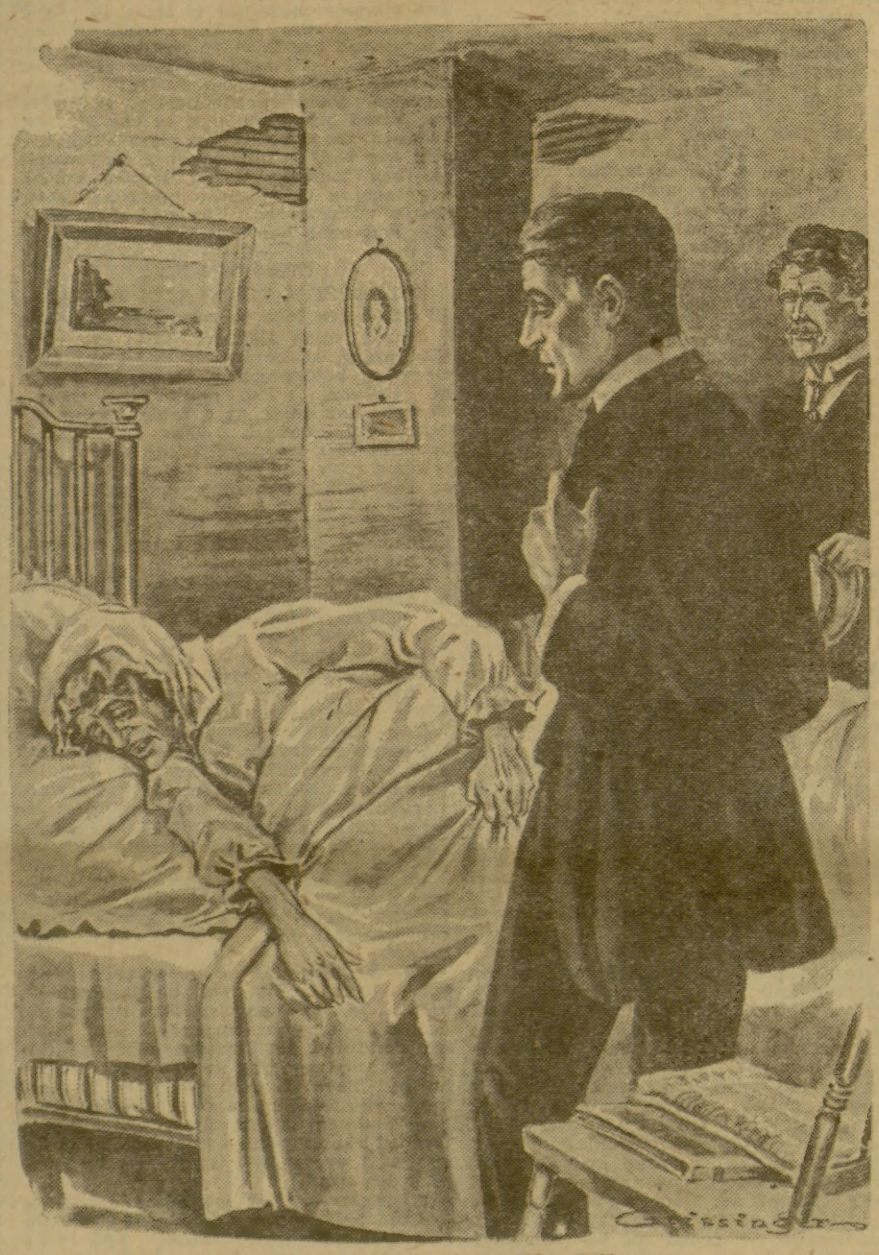
Not long after Graham had withdrawn to the smoking-room where he could watch the couple from a narrow window, the steamer rested at the wharf. The streets fringing the water front teemed with traffic. Great auto trucks mingled with small wagons, three-horse drays and multitudes of nondescript taxicabs lined the sidewalks, which were piled high with luggage. It was an easy place to escape notice.

As soon as Franz and "Red Bonnet" landed, they looked around in bewilderment. About twenty feet distant, they saw Graham busy with his luggage. They jumped into one of the waiting cabs.

"Quick, drive us on to the ferry and from there uptown." He gave the driver the name of a building which he knew from previous visits in New York. He had urged the driver to make haste, but haste was impossible in the crowded streets, and the machine had to snake its way in and out slowly among the piles of luggage. They had hardly gone a half block, before they heard the chug-chug of another motor directly behind their own. "Red Bonnet" turned around startled. From the tiny window at the back of the cab she saw Graham sitting in the machine that was following him. Franz seeing her expression, knew what had happened.

In the second which elapsed before "Red Bonnet" spoke to him, he did some rapid thinking. He was resolved to get rid of the jewels. But how? It was foolish to drop them out of the taxi. Ten, fifteen minutes elapsed. They were on the New York side now, and the taxi sped on towards the heart of New York's great shopping center. With a jerk, the car stopped before a tall building. It was not by any means the tallest in the long row of sky scrapers that lined the streets on both sides, but it would serve Franz's purpose well. The roof was fifteen stories above street level. Next door, was another building almost identical in height. He put a bill into the driver's hand, and without waiting for change, rushed into the building followed by "Red Bonnet." They entered the elevator. Just as the door closed and the gong sounded, the signal for the elevator to start upwards, Graham red and perspiring, ran towards them. It was too late. The elevator had started. Nevertheless, Graham determined not to give up. He was an Englishman, and the Englishman's bulldog tenacity stood him in good stead.

With fear in their hearts lest the detective arrest them and spoil their dreams of happiness and a new life in the far West, "Red Bonnet" and her husband, Franz, rush to Chicago, and then to Butte, Montana. But the detective bribes a taxicab driver who bought tickets for "Red Bonnet" in New York, and he follows. When their happiness seems complete, the detective arrives upon the scene again. Read what happens in the next and last installment.



She Sank Back Again on Her Pillow.

The Night Challenge.

ROOKIE ITALIAN GUARD—"Halt! Who's there?"

Voice (about thirty paces away)—"Officer of the post."

Rookie Guard—"Advance! I can't rec'nize you!"

Officer advances six paces.

Rookie Guard—"Halt! (One-half minute silence.) Advance! I can't see who you are yet! " After a couple more halts, the officer finally arrives within six paces of the guard, who, holding his gun threateningly, asks: "Well, who's da bossa now?"

Somewhat Put Out.

THE latest example of English as she is spoken comes from Egypt, where a native interpreter, who had overstayed his leave, wrote the following letter to his chief:

"My absence is impossible. Some one has removed my wife. My God, I am annoyed."

True.

MILLY—"Men are more conceited than women."

Billy—"Nonsense! Every man at some time in his life has told some woman he wasn't worthy of her."—Judge.

Where Not to Think.

HE (proposing in a taxi)—"Say yes, darling."

She—"Give me time to think."

He—"Yes; but, good heavens, not here!"

Concluding the Tale of Plotting and Intrigue of

Attila of the Destroying Rays

By Stephen Gaillard

Events of the Story to Date

WHEN a ring of murdering German agents gets hold of Professor Leanderthal, it tries to place him under the spell of a beautiful vampire woman in order to get him to finish an invention which will make war impossible. The spies desire it for Germany, so that nation can dominate the world by wiping out all opposing armies. A Turk, who is one of the spies, falls in love with the professor's daughter. He drugs her and is about to attempt to carry out his vile aim when the girl's sweetheart rescues her and takes her to her uncle's house. Soon after this the uncle is murdered. The girl's sweetheart, whose name is Warfield, goes to Frontivard, the great detective, and explains the case. The detective connects the murder with a strange chain of murders. He sends Warfield straight to the murdered man's house, and tells him to guard the girl, Caroline, day and night, and plunges into the thrilling case. Matthew Lehmann, a newspaper man who has been exposing German propaganda in America, and who was supposed to have been slain by the murder ring, suddenly and mysteriously appears at Frontivard's apartments. The Germans had slain his brother by mistake, and Lehmann had fled to Florida. He tells Frontivard of how he had helped an old smuggler out of trouble, and that in return the smuggler had taken him to a great isolated fortress of rock in the Atlantic off the South American coast and showed him a German fleet composed of many ships anchored in a wonderful harbor inside the great rock cliffs. His story shows that the ships are a part of a gigantic plot to bring America to her knees and place her under the rule of Attila. Frontivard and his aids leave immediately for the laboratory, where the professor has his destroying ray machine. The spies are there watching experiments. From concealment, Frontivard and his aids watch the professor demonstrate the power of the destroying ray machine to the spies gathered about him in his laboratory. Later, Frontivard gains access, slays a fierce leopard pet left there by the vampire woman, Zara Lal, and then uses the powerful rays to destroy all trace of the dead beast. Soon after this Frontivard traps and slays The Killer, who slaughters marked men for the spy ring. But in retaliation, the spy ring kills one of Frontivard's aids, and Warfield and Caroline are kidnaped. Frontivard rushes to the great residence occupied by Zara Lal, and the Turk, Halali Pasha, but finds the house has been deserted. The professor and his powerful invention also have vanished. Frontivard hurries to the rendezvous of Attila in the heart of the city and corners him in his luxuriously furnished Oriental palace, but Attila, who really is the great German Prince von Schlachtberg, escapes thru a trap door and vanishes. Frontivard then has Lehmann telegraph the smuggler's agent and they arrange for a trip to the great rock island where the big German fleet is concealed. In the interim, Warfield, Caroline and her father, Professor Leanderthal, are transported to the German base. Warfield, who has been drugged, awakes to find himself in the gardens of a magnificent palace—a place of mystery. When Warfield regains his senses he finds himself in the garden of a beautiful palace. Everything is at his command, except freedom. He tries to escape, but is surrounded by trained tigers. He is brought before Zara Lal. She tells him she loves him, and that he is her prisoner on an island in the Caribbean Sea. In a second dash he escapes the palace and takes refuge in a wild ravine. Caroline, who also is the prisoner of the Turk in another part of the palace, escapes from his insulting hugging and kissing, and jumps from a window into the ravine. Owing to the thick foliage on the side of the ravine, Caroline's fall is broken and she is uninjured. Warfield finds her, while being stalked by German soldiers.

The earlier chapters of this story may be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger from our agents, news dealers, or thru our office. The story began in issue No. 25, dated June 22.

He Gave One Last Tremendous Heave and It Went Crashing Down.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE AWAKENING OF THE WIZARD.

"NO TIME for explanations now, Caroline, our danger only seems less because we are together," said Warfield, as Caroline, now completely recovered, struggled to her feet, "the miscreants who followed me have gone down this stream, therefore our road lies the other way, up toward the cliffs yonder, I don't know where, but if to death—well, it will be easier now that we don't have to face it alone."

"Yes, yes, Pen, I think I can face even death quite calmly now that I am with you; but come, let us hurry, I feel stronger now and pursuit cannot be very far behind," said Caroline.

They had not gone more than two hundred yards up the stream, the current of which became more rapid as the ascent became steeper, when below them they saw torches gleaming and heard the cries of their pursuers. They hurried on, the ravine becoming momently narrower and steeper. Before them the darkness was impenetrable, but thru it they could hear, growing every moment more distinct, the splash and murmur of falling water.

"A cascade," said Warfield, "and that will mean the end of the ravine. God help us Caroline."

"He will help us Pen, even if but to die," she answered.

As Caroline spoke they pushed thru a thicket that completely over-arched the stream and before them they could dimly see the cascade gleaming in the darkness as it plunged down the rocks to a foaming pool.

"We're cut off, honey," said Warfield grimly, "this is a cul-de-sac and the sides are almost perpendicular."

"But look, Pen, look, here to the right it seems less steep and the rocks are clothed with vines and bushes, let us try that way."

From below the cries of their pursuers were drawing nearer, and even as Caroline spoke the cul-de-sac was suddenly illumined by a brilliant glare.

Caroline uttered an exclamation of dismay: "What is it, Pen?"

"A searchlight from one of the ships down in the lagoon, honey," he said. "We are caught here like rats in a trap."

"What lagoon, Pen? What ships?" she asked. "But look, dear, look! here to the right, a path up the cliff!"

The searchlight had indeed revealed what their pursuers had not intended—a path leading up the side of the cliff, more fit, it is true, for mountain goats than human beings, but still a path. They turned with renewed hope and began to climb. Warfield leading, Caroline clinging to one hand, while with the other he groped for support among the thorny shrubs and in the crevices of the rocks.

The searchlight aided them, but also, after they had climbed perhaps thirty feet, revealed them to their pursuers. An exulting shout greeted their appearance and they could hear the men crashing thru the thickets below them.

"I think we're done for now," panted Warfield, "they'll fire on us, and in this light they can hardly miss."

"I won't care so very much, Pen, if they only kill us quickly," murmured the girl.

But their pursuers did not fire. Instead they rushed with shrill cries to the foot of the cliff and began to climb after them.

With reckless, frenzied haste born of despair the fugitives scrambled upward. Warfield could see the brink of the precipice a few feet above him now and redoubled his efforts. Once, twice, thrice they stumbled and were only saved from falling as if by a miracle; but they could hear the pursuers panting up the dizzy path below them, and struggled on, heedless of what seemed to them the lesser danger. Could they but reach the top! Could they but reach the top! and then—what? They cared not to reflect upon that; perhaps, in the frenzy of their haste, it did not even enter their minds.

At last! Warfield struggled over the brink of the ravine and dragged Caroline after him. The place where they found themselves was a wide, level, bowlder strewn, wind swept terrace. At a little distance, near the foot of a precipice that bounded the terrace on that side, stood a strange looking, circular, glass-domed building, brilliantly lighted. The hurricane which raged outside the island and made so little impression upon the lagoon and lower ground around it up here sent the wind in blustering gusts along the terrace despite the protection the cliffs afforded; and up here too could be heard from beyond the cliffs, as if from a great distance, the boom and thunder of the surf as it beat against the island's rock-ribbed walls.

Warfield's first thought was of the pursuers. He looked about him for something that might serve as a weapon. At the edge of the path, upon the very brink of the ravine, lay a huge bowlder. With an exulting cry he sprang to it and began to push with all his strength. Caroline saw his purpose and ran to him to aid him. Never had he struggled so fiercely to go thru an opposing line on a football field. Every muscle of his lithe athletic body stood out like knotted ropes beneath his torn and ragged clothing. The bowlder moved, it yielded, it began to roll; he gave one last tremendous heave and it went crashing down, down, bearing all that were upon the dizzy path to destruction, and fell with thunderous reverberation to the bottom of the gorge. Warfield looked over the brink. What he saw by the glare of the searchlight was not pleasant to look upon. Shrieks and groans came up from the abyss.

"I think they'll follow some other way—those that are left of them," he said grimly. "Come, Caroline, let's see how much better off we are."

Not much, apparently, for the strange looking building, distant about fifty yards across the bowlder strewn terrace, doubtless held more of their enemies. Still, if that were so, it was strange that they had not come forth to intercept them. But then, it was quite possible they had not heard the shouts, perhaps not even the crash of the falling bowlder, and so did not know what was going on.

The glare of the searchlights, which followed their movements, lighted up the terrace so that they had no difficulties in reaching the strange looking building. As they approached it they found that the glass structure extended all the way to the ground like the walls of a conservatory; and that what appeared at a distance to be a solid structure surmounted by a glass dome was in reality all of glass, the lower portion shaded apparently by heavy curtains. There was no door or other opening on the side toward the ravine, and they began to circle the building, coming presently into the shadow which the searchlight caused it to cast upon the space between it and the precipice which towered another hundred feet behind and above it.

"Let's try to climb up yonder," whispered Caroline, pointing to the black masses of rocks, "perhaps if we can get to the top we may find means of escape that way."

"No, let's try to find out first what sort of place this is, if we can do so without being discovered," said Warfield. "It's better to know, if we can, whom we have to deal with up here. Ah, there's a door, and it is open."

Their progress around the building brought into view a ray of light from an open doorway. Creeping forward Warfield peered cautiously around the side of it.

"Good God!" he exclaimed in an excited whisper, as he crept noiselessly back to where Caroline was standing. "Your father! your father is in there, honey!"

"My father? Impossible!" she exclaimed.

"But I cannot be mistaken, Caroline, it is your father, and he is alone. Come!"

The aged professor was busy, very busy, moving with eager, yet methodical steps about a strange looking machine like a wireless apparatus on a gigantic scale which occupied the center of the stone floor of the circular building. On the side towards the lagoon there was an opening about twenty feet square in the glass wall of the structure and he appeared to be engaged in focusing the machine thru the opening. The whole place was brilliantly lighted from above by arc lamps. All about the place was strewn the paraphernalia of an electrical and chemical laboratory. Behind the strange looking machine stood a motor, similar to those used in the largest type of airplanes.

Having completed his adjustments, the Professor stepped to the motor and started it. He then went to the back of the machine and busied himself with certain levers. There ensued a hissing, crackling sound, loud and menacing.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Professor as he listened to the peculiar sound, "it is perfect!"

"Yes, yes," he muttered joyously to himself, "and of a power of projection which I had hardly hoped it would attain. I have now but to summon my kind friends, who have supplied me here with such ample facilities and such ideal conditions for my work, to give them a demonstration of the wonderful, almost unbelievable force upon the ship they have promised to place at my disposal, and then prepare for my return to lay before my scientific colleagues such proofs as shall silence their criticism and abolish their doubts."

The majestic, yet childlike old man, rubbed his hands together and laughed softly with boyish glee at thought of

the discomfiture of his scientific critics.

"And then—then," he went on, "a congress of the nations shall be summoned, and in their hands shall be placed the terrific agency which shall make war impossible—unthinkable, and inaugurate a golden era of peace over all the earth."

A gust of wind blew thru the open door, swinging the arc lamps and tossing the old man's silver locks.

"It is a wild night at sea," he murmured, "and yet the fleet rides at anchor in the lagoon as safe as on a pond. But not for long. Von Schlachtberg has promised me that it shall furnish the first demonstration of the power of the 'rays,' and that its destruction shall furnish the grand climax of an international pageant that shall herald the dawn of universal peace." The old man smiled as he continued his soliloquy. "A mighty man is Attila, and a very noble one; he might be the greatest of conquerors; he chooses, rather, to be the greatest apostle of peace, save only I, Leanderthal!" A heavy rumbling crash from outside interrupted his musings. "Ha!" he said, smiling, "the waves have torn away a mass of rock from the cliff, the elements still make war."

Still absorbed in his magnificent dream, he went again to the back of the machine and readjusted the levers which set the dreaded vibrations in motion. He had but just turned away from the frightful instrument of destruction and taken one step towards the motor which supplied the electric current, when he saw a sight which caused him to lift up his hands in astonishment, for in the open doorway stood Warfield and Caroline.

"Father!" she cried.

"Caroline!" he exclaimed.

The exclamation leaped from the lips of father and daughter simultaneously, and Caroline rushed forward into her father's arms.

"What is the meaning of this, my child? How came you here? Why have you left your aunt's protection, and she in such great need of you? Did you not receive my message?" were some of the hasty queries that poured from the Professor's lips. When he observed his daughter's torn dress and the blood upon her face and arms from the scratches she had received, he asked in surprise: "In the name of Heaven, where have you been? What has happened to you?" But Caroline could only answer by inarticulate sobbing, the first tears she had shed in all that terrible night.

"Poor child, poor child," said the Professor, patting her cheek as if she had been indeed a little child. His glance turned from his daughter to Warfield. "Perhaps you, sir," he said, "can tell me the meaning of all this and what has happened to her and—to you?"

"I can indeed," said Warfield coldly, "all too readily. We have been the victims of the miscreants you have harbored in your home, and from the vile advances of one of whom you have failed in a father's duty to protect your daughter; both she and I have been murderously assaulted, violently abducted and brought to this place, where your presence is a mystery to us both; we have escaped only thru great good fortune, and even now we stand in deadly peril; and all thru those, your chosen friends and associates, for whom you have forsaken your lifelong friends, disregarded your brother's protests and your daughter's entreaties, and who have repaid you with your daughter's attempted dishonor and your brothers' murder."

The Terrible Attila Reeled and Pitched Down.

"Great God!" What do you tell me?" exclaimed the Professor, staggering back as if he had been dealt a heavy blow. "Caroline, is this true? Is this possible?"

"It is true, father, only too terribly true; even now they are on our track and our death may be only a matter of moments."

The stricken father sank down into his chair and buried his face in his hands. Caroline, forgetting all else as she saw him so crushed and broken, went to him instantly, and kneeling at his side placed her arms around him.

"Oh, do not think I blame you, father," she exclaimed, "you did not know, you did not understand; I remembered that always, even when I grieved the most because you did not know."

The old man raised his head and kissed her.

"You are too generous, Caroline, my child, too generous by far; I have been blind, fatuously, criminally blind, and I deserve curses rather than kindness at your hands. But I am blind no longer," he exclaimed, rising suddenly to his feet and drawing himself up to his full height, "and by the Eternal, I hold in my hands the means of salvation for us all!"

Suddenly transformed, he towered before them with flashing eyes, his majestic height, his flowing beard, his lofty brow, instinct with genius, presenting such a picture as might have formed an artist's conception of triumphant mind.

There was a rush of trampling feet upon the terrace outside.

"Hark!" exclaimed Warfield, "it is too late! They are upon us!"

"Fear nothing," said the Professor, stepping to the dread machine, "I hold them in the hollow of my hand." Even his voice seemed to change its timbre with the awakening of his mind to the treachery of which he had been the victim, and there was in its tones an added quality of power and menace.

As he spoke a large, sliding door on the side of the laboratory opposite to that by which Caroline and Warfield had entered, was pushed open, and in it appeared a crowd of brutal, malignant faces, led by Attila-von Schlachtberg and Halali Pasha. But even as the door slid back the hissing, crackling sound filled the chamber and the menace on the faces of their foes was changed to deadly terror. Leanderthal began deliberately to swing the machine on its pivot. But Von Schlachtberg lifted his hand and cried out in a shaking voice: "Hold, hold! Let us talk."

"There is no need," said the Professor, "you are beaten."

"True; for you can destroy us," said Attila, "but by destroying us you would not help yourselves. When you have swept us to destruction how will you escape from this island, the secret of which is known to us alone?"

"That is a chance that we must take," said the Professor.

Von Schlachtberg accepted the logic of the situation with the same calm simplicity as when Frontivard had held him at the muzzle of an automatic in the Ingleside Avenue house. As to the change which had come over the erstwhile simple minded Professor, the presence of Warfield and Caroline, towards whom Halali Pasha, whose lips were badly swollen, cast many malignant glances, was for the Germano-Turk a sufficient explanation of its cause. As it proved, however, Professor Leanderthal was deceived by Attila's seemingly submissive attitude even as Frontivard had been.

"Listen to me!" the Prince continued, "we are beaten, there is no use denying that; but then, too, as I have already pointed out, our destruction is almost certain to prove fatal to you, our destroyers, also; therefore, I say, let us talk, but not now, our minds are not clear enough to deal with a problem which it is easy to see will present many difficulties. Let us, therefore, declare a truce until the morning. Refreshed by sleep we may be able to perceive the difficulties of our respective situations in a clearer light. The sun will bring us clearer, saner vision."

There was really no good reason for rejecting the proposal, unless, indeed, Leanderthal should resolve to push his present advantage to the point of releasing the destructive vibrations and, having destroyed his enemies, taking the desperate chance of escaping from the island without their aid. Each of the opponents was in a measure in the other's power. As long as the Professor remained master of the destructive force of which he alone knew the secret, he and his were safe; nor did it seem that the proposal to delay the decision of the final issue until morning could alter their situation for the worse. A surprise attack alone was to be apprehended and that seemed easy to guard against. An attempt by their enemies to rush the laboratory could result to them only in certain destruction; while bombardment by the fleet would not only be almost equally hazardous, but would result, if successful, in the destruction of the machine so necessary to Von Schlachtberg's plans of conquest and in the death of Leanderthal who alone knew the secret of the annihilating force. On the other hand, if the Prince and his followers were at the mercy of Leanderthal, he and his were equally at their mercy for the means of escape from the island, of which their destruction would deprive him. Therefore, he determined to acquiesce in Von Schlachtberg's proposition

"Very well," he said, "let there be a truce between us until sunrise."

"So be it," said Attila, "and when the truce is ended we will talk."

"As you will," said the Professor.

"Where?" asked Attila.

"Here; and you will come alone to the conference, or with Halali Pasha only," answered Professor Leanderthal.

Von Schlachtberg shrugged his shoulders. "I have no choice but to obey," he said, "therefore so be it."

The Prince and his men withdrew, and Caroline and Warfield watched them with astonishment, as indeed they had viewed the whole proceedings, as they disappeared by a path which led down from the terrace at a point opposite to the sliding door.

"Good God, sir!" exclaimed Warfield as the last of them disappeared, "what is the power you hold over them?"

"A power which I must teach you to wield for your own salvation in case of any mishap to me. But first lower the curtains yonder in order that we may have a clear view of the terrace. Some of those miscreants may try to hide there."

Warfield did as he was requested.

"Now turn off the lights, the switch is yonder," said the Professor.

Again Warfield complied.

"Now," said Leanderthal, "this terrace is accessible only at two points, one by an almost impracticable path up the cliffs from the ravine, the other, and easier one, from the terrace below. Fortunately the moon is full and, despite the cloud wrack, there is light enough for us to see them should they attempt to surprise us from either direction. We will both of us have to watch until dawn, young man."

It was surprising to see how clear-headed and cool the Professor was, now that his eyes were opened.

"Will they bombard us from the ships?" said Warfield.

"I think not," said Leanderthal, "for aside from the risk they would run of utter annihilation before they could destroy us, in destroying us they would destroy also that agency which, I can see clearly enough now, they have worked and schemed for months to get into their hands. Oh, I have been blind, blind in my Utopian dreams, criminally blind and trusting!"

Professor Leanderthal quickly explained to his wondering companions the mechanism of his terrible machine so that they could operate it at need, switching on the lights while he did so.

A few minutes later, having switched off the lights again, the three companions in peril were sitting quietly beside the machine watching thru the glass walls of the laboratory the two points from which alone there was danger of surprise, talking in low tones of many things, while they waited for the dawn.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE TEETH OF THE HURRICANE.

PLUNGING thru mountainous seas that washed her decks, "Red Lark" stood gallantly northward. At the helm was her sturdy quartermaster, McCartney, drenched by spray, but gazing clear-eyed thru the storm wrack. On the bridge O'Mohundro, in oilskins and sou'wester, gazed grimly thru the darkness across the waste of foaming water. Now and then a sailor made his way along the deck, staggering, clinging to railings and stanchions to keep from being swept overboard.

Down below, in the dimly lighted cabin, Lehmann and the detectives held conference with the captain, Del Roca. A conference which was lacking somewhat in dignity, owing to the difficulty the conferees found in keeping from rolling about the room.

"Do you think it will be possible to land in this storm?" said Lehmann jerkily, being at the moment tossed from one side of the cabin to the other.

"Easy enough," replied del Roca, "if the launch doesn't founder in this sea that is running, and we can get her into the place I told you of. The trouble will be in making the entrance and in getting in after we are there."

"Why not wait until the storm abates?" said Lehmann.

"No," said Frontivard, "not if Captain del Roca is willing to dare the chance of landing. Every moment's delay increases the chance of discovery, and once this ship is recognized hovering off the rocks all hope of surprise will be lost. Is it not so, Captain?"

"By the Madonna! yes. They have suspected 'Red Lark' and had it in for her worse than ever since I played them

"How Will You Escape From This Island?"

the trick I did this spring when they sunk one of their own vessels thinking it was her. You remember the occasion?" he added, turning to Lehmann.

"You say that when once we have scaled the cliffs there is plenty of cover behind their barrier to hide in, eh, Captain?" said Frontivard to del Roca.

"Yes; you could hide a hundred men as easily as one in the thickets and ravines," answered the old smuggler.

"Once we are inside the barrier cliffs," went on the detective, "we will hide and spy out the place, endeavoring to find where the captives are imprisoned; but especially endeavoring to find Leanderthal's devilish machine. Failing in that I shall try to discover their magazines and blow them up. God grant that in doing so I may be able to block the entrance to the accursed den."

"Amen!" said del Roca. "You are a bold man and a desperate one, the boldest and most desperate one I have ever known; and by God! if I were in those devils' shoes and knew what I know now—well, I should be worried."

A sailor pushed open the cabin door. "Land ho, sir," he said to the captain, "Santander rocks."

A few moments later the six men, clad in oilskins and sou'westers, staggered across the deck and climbed upon the bridge.

"There she lies," said O'Mohundro, when they stood beside him, pointing to a black mass that rose sheer from the sea on the port bow, "and as d—d dangerous a piece of terra firma as ever turf beat on."

"I agree with you," said Frontivard, "and yet, as death must eventually come to all of us, is it not better to meet death gallantly, than to await his approach in terror and inaction?"

Getting the launch into the water was a miracle of seamanship, keeping her afloat after she was there was an even greater one; but del Roca, used to wild seas and wilder landing places, accomplished both.

Del Roca, at the helm, gave sharp, brief orders to the men who manned the oars. They could not start the motor in the tremendous sea that was running, but, fortunately, the launch was equipped for both oars and gasoline. The men, obeying his instructions, aided him in guiding the boat toward a spot where a wedge-shaped section of the cliff seemed to have toppled into the sea, leaving a jagged reef projecting above the water. Overhead the full moon shone now and again dimly thru the drifted cloud wrack; and by its fitful light the mariners guided the launch between the reef and the bottom of the cliff at the imminent risk a dozen times of being dashed to destruction. The entrance was made at last, however, and Enrique del Roca swore a deep oath of relief as he felt the boat's keel glide into comparatively quiet water. Even then the landing was difficult and dangerous, and it was half an hour before the party—the four secret agents, Lehmann and del Roca—found themselves standing on a slippery ledge over which the salt spray dashed.

"Lie snug here until we return, or until another night and a failing sea

enable you to reach the ship," had been the smuggler's brief order to the four men in the boat.

"Now, then," he said, pointing to where a ledge scarcely two feet wide ran diagonally up the face of the cliff at a frightful angle, "yonder's our road. Do you dare it?"

"Wherever you dare follow," answered Frontivard, and began to climb.

Could the howling hurricane have shrieked to Attila that night: "The foe! the foe!" Could the sea birds, frightened from their nests, have screamed down at him as they circled above his stronghold: "Lord of the Orient, Prince of Germany, thy walls are being scaled, thy direst foe is upon thee!" Then might the face of the world have been changed and the nations groaned beneath the yoke of another "scourge of God." But the howling wind gave no warning, the wheeling sea birds gave no warning, the thundering surf told it not, as the dauntless band and their dread leader crouched and swayed and clung to the dizzy path and the beetling cliffs, and crept ever upward, upward!

And even as Von Schlachtberg crouched for a lion's spring upon those whose courage he held cheaply and whose cunning he despised, he little dreamed that Frontivard, the man he most feared and hated, was standing upon the cliff wall of his fortress and looking down upon the calm lagoon, lying as at the bottom of a shallow bowl within; upon the war fleet lying at anchor; upon the barracks, where an army quartered, that lined the shore; yea, upon his very palace from which he had but just issued forth to steal upon his prey.

"By God!" said Frontivard, who seldom swore, to Lehmann at his side, "if I win this struggle it will still be you who has saved the country. Had it not been for you I would never have dreamed that such a thing could be possible."

They were crouching upon the top of the cliff—the six men—looking down at the lagoon by the dim, obscured light of the moon. Below them the island behind the barrier cliffs was spread out like a ghostly panorama. Apparently it owed its peculiar formation to the fact that it had been the crater of a tremendous submerged volcano—submerged all save its crater's jagged rim; within which the inrushing sea had formed the lagoon, and upon the inward, sloping sides of which a rank vegetation had hidden in great part the scars of nature's cataclysm.

"Well," said Frontivard, turning to del Roca, "time presses, how do we get down yonder?"

"That's easy," said the smuggler, uncoiling a rope from about his body, "Come!"

He led the way—the whole party crouching as they went—to a spot where the cliffs looked down from a height of about a hundred feet upon a level terrace of the inward slope of the extinct crater.

"What's that building down yonder?" said Frontivard, as del Roca made the rope fast around a large bowlder.

"How the devil do I know, that's for you to find out. There now," as he tied the last knot and flung the rope over the cliff, "go down and see."

Without a word Frontivard twisted the rope around his leg, took a firm grip and began to descend. Waiting only until the slackening of the rope told them that he had reached the bottom, the others followed him, one by one.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AS IF CHAOS WERE COME AGAIN.

ON THE shore of the lagoon, across the ravine from Attila's palace, an easy path led upward to the terrace upon which stood the laboratory where Professor Leanderthal had been installed upon his arrival in the island; and up that path, in the dark hour before dawn, crept a dozen shadowy forms. The sky had cleared somewhat in the West and the moon was just sinking behind the cliffs, its faint, oblique rays giving little light, and making the shadows seem all the darker by contrast.

Nearer and nearer to the terrace they came, crawling now upon hands and knees, and as they reached it they divided, half going to the right, half to the left, and all, lying prone, writhing like serpents along the ground.

Within the laboratory, Caroline, exhausted, slept upon the stone floor, with Warfield's coat for a pillow and her father's for a cover. The young man and the aged Professor were talking in low tones for fear of disturbing her. The night had seemed ages long, and despite their anxiety the apparent inactivity of their enemies had lulled their watchfulness.

Suddenly Warfield started to his feet.

"Hark! what was that?" he exclaimed, "I would swear I heard a noise."

"No, no; I think you are mistaken," said the Professor, also rising to his feet, "or at least it was only the wind that rattled that little door at the rear."

"No, no; I am not mistaken," said Warfield positively—"Ha! there it is again."

Awakened by the sound of their voices Caroline started up crying: "Pen, Father, what is it? Ah, merciful God!"

Outside upon the terrace a shot rang out, and upon the instant, as if it had been a signal, the searchlights of the fleet were focused upon the laboratory,

His Girl in Overalls

Well, yes, the kid's enlisted;
We expected that, you know;
When he heard the call to colors
of course he'd want to go.
An' we're proud an' glad an'
sorry,
For the lad's our pride an'
joy,
An' his mother—well, you know
mothers
An' he was our only boy.

An' I—well, there's no denyin'
I depended on the lad,
For he's always been a sight
Of help an' comfort to his
dad;
But I never fully realized
How much I would miss the
scamp
Till I started for the barn alone
The mornin' he left for camp.

I was feelin' pretty lonesome,
An' somehow my eyes were
dim,
When I saw some one a-stand-
in' there,
I really thought was Jim;
But before I'd time to speculate,
My little daughter calls—
"Say, dad, how do you like me
In my bran' new overalls?"

An' sir, you'd be surprised to
see
The things that gal can do,
An' how she works with might
an' main
To help to put things thru;
An' I guess we needn't worry,
sir,
When Uncle Samuel calls,
He can trust his boys in khaki
An' his girls in overalls.

—ELIZABETH HARDY.

revealing the startled men, the terrified girl, revealing a dozen men as their enemies, rushing thru the sliding door which opened towards the lagoon, rushed upon them.

The searchlights might have revealed, too, other forms crouching behind the glass wall and between it and the cliffs had not the actors in the drama within been far too preoccupied to observe them.

Warfield and the Professor were overpowered and downed before they could offer any effective resistance, Von Schlachtberg shouting to his men to take them alive. Caroline's arms were pinioned to her sides by a silken sash knotted by the loathsome hands of Halali Pasha. Then the arc lights in the laboratory were switched on.

"Ah, we have you at last," said Von Schlachtberg in his suavest tones, "I wish I could assure you gentlemen an easy death, but I fear your insolence has not deserved it."

The three prisoners had been seated in chairs at a little distance from the machine, and the Professor's blazing eyes were fixed upon it.

"You look in vain, my friend," went on Von Schlachtberg exultingly, "no help can come from thence; but I thank you, nevertheless, for the weapon you have given me; indeed, I may even spare your life on account of it."

Halali Pasha said nothing, but he looked gloatingly upon Warfield and Caroline, and his glances were more eloquent of deadly hate and brutal triumph than any words he could have uttered.

Von Schlachtberg turned to his men and spoke to them in German.

"You are to be carried to my palace," he said, turning again to the prisiners, "where, after I have rested from the labors of this sleepless night, I will talk with you and you shall learn——"

The terrible Attila reeled, staggered, and, with a choking gasp, pitched forward headlong. Upon the instant five automatics spoke and as many of his followers fell, Halali Pasha among them. The others turned and fled without waiting to learn from whence the sudden onslaught had come.

But Von Schlachtberg knew, and while Caroline and her father and Warfield were being released, he raised himself painfully upon one hand and recognized Frontivard.

"Ah, Demon—it—is—you," he gasped. "You have conquered and—and Germany has lost." And with one last, horrible struggle, his features convulsed by all the tremendous passions that had marked his life, he fell back, dead, his eyes fixed even in death, in hatred upon his enemy.

"That's what I call poetic justice," said Carey, the Imp, the short-barreled rifle in his hands which Frontivard had, on a certain occasion, wrested from the Killer's grasp, "he died slain by his own favorite weapon."

"I've no time to answer questions now," said Frontivard in response to Warfield's and the Professor's eager questions. "I've other work to do. Yes, and quickly, or all that has been done will count for nothing."

Even as he spoke there was a flash from one of the ships in the lagoon below and a shell burst with a terrific roar upon the terrace scarce two hundred feet from the laboratory.

"Start the machine!" thundered Frontivard. "Be quick!"

Another shell, and another crashed upon the terrace.

"Stand clear all of you!" shouted Frontivard, springing to the terrible apparatus as Leanderthal, never questioning how the formidable man before him had gained knowledge of his secret, adjusted the levers.

There was a crack of iron and a crash of glass as Frontivard swung the dire weapon to and fro, for the frightful vibrations had disintegrated a whole segment of the circular glass wall of the laboratory with the iron framework that supported it; and the remainder, tho it gave not away, was sorely strained.

Shells were flying thick and fast and their scream and roar made a hell upon the terrace as he trained the machine upon the war fleet. He got the range at last, and then—then it was as if Chaos had come again. Ship after ship blew up, their magazines detonating with flash of flame and thunder as of mountains burst asunder; ship after ship, powerless against a force such as, until that night, warfare had never known, melted in the lagoon. Upon land and water the dread vibrations played; and magazines, cunningly hidden among the cliffs and ravines, thundered to heaven; barracks that lined the shores, filled with soldiers—only the merciful God, looking down on man's black handiwork, knew how many—were shriveled like thistle down in furnace flames; Attila's palace below the terrace, vanished, and the morning breeze played with impalpable dust where it had stood. Played with impalpable dust, yea, and in that dust and of that dust was the heart of Zara-Lal.

In the gray light of the coming dawn, lurid with the smoke that hung above the lagoon, the armament for the conquest of the world disappeared in wreck and ruin.

"By God!" cried del Roca, straining his eyes to peer thru the murky haze, illumined by the first rays of the morning, "the entrance is blocked and the island will hold its secret until the crack of doom."

And so it lies forever, beneath the blazing sun, beneath the tropic stars, the secret of that morning's tragedy locked behind its barrier cliffs until the dawn of the last day; so it lay as the terrible man who wrought such destruction, to the end that a nation might be saved, looked down upon it ere he followed his companions in their descent of the dizzy pathway of the cliff; and at the bottom of the ravine below the terrace lay the dire weapon with which the deed was wrought.

The dangers which the party underwent in returning to "Red Lark," great as they were, seemed somehow commonplace and trifling in comparison with all which they had passed thru, and with the frightful thing which they had witnessed, and not until they were safe on board did they realize how great the peril had been.

"Pen," said Caroline, standing beside her lover on the deck of "Red Lark," "I shall never forget, never! I shall dream of it by night, I shall think of it by day; never, never, will the horror of it leave me!"

It did, however, for a few months later Reverdy was Penrhynn Warfield's groomsman, and the bride's father gave the bride away; and all who were present agreed that they had never seen a happier couple than Warfield and Caroline despite the fact that Warfield, who wore the uniform of an army captain, was about to leave for the battlefront in France.

Professor Leanderthal, shortly after witnessing his daughter's marriage, was called to Washington, D. C., to reconstruct his machine.

Lehmann is often a guest at Frontivard's Goethe Street house, but he seldom makes an allusion to the past; Enrique del Roca and his crew still ply their trade up and down the two coasts of the continent, and talk o' nights over their pipes and cigars of the "Demon;" but Chicago knows Messrs. Rupert Cunningham and Pembroke Carroll (Frontivard and Reverdy) only as men about town, nor does anybody suspect that they have ever played a hand in any game more exciting than draw poker. No, not even Carroll's police friend, Lieutenant Moran.

(The End.)

* * *

Cause for Grief.

Parson—"Cheer up, sister; your husband is now in heaven."

Widow (sobbing)—"Yes, and so is his first wife, whom he fairly idolized."

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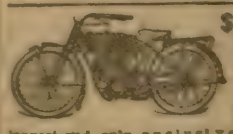

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The Bride's Horror.

Dr. Ella Lane-Eustis, of Chicago, said t the convention of the General Conederation of Women's Clubs at Hot prings:

"This war slaughter is going to make arge families a necessity. People after the war will desire large families as ardently as they used to shun them. We'll all be Rooseveits, and the young bride's horror will be unintelligible to us."

Dr. Lane-Eustis smiled.

"A young bride," she went on, "set out with her husband to buy the furniture for their future home.

"'Now, as to our bedroom,' said the husband, 'I suggest twin beds for our bedroom. What do you think?'

"The bride blushed.

"'Oh, Jim,' she said, in a low, horrified tones, 'do you think we're going to have twins?'"

Great Changes.

"Times have changed," remarked the reminiscent man.

"I should say they have," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "Everybody is so busy thinking about military that us statesmen are liable to be overloocked. There isn't a political orator among us that has the nerve to rise to his feet as of yore and claim personal credit for saving the country."

No Life There.

Patience—"Where is Peggy living now?"

Patrice—"In Philadelphia."

"Is she married yet?"

"Not her."

"Well, you know while there is life there is hope."

"But she says there is no life in Philadelphia."

His Dependent.

"So you want to get exempted. Have you any one dependent on you?"

"Oh, yaas, sah, suah, sah. My wife, she depends on me, sah, to carry her wash home, sah."

"Do you tell your wife everything?"

"Not exactly. I tell her everything I want her to know and everything I feel sure she'll find out."

Democratic.

The Girl—"If you love me as you say you do, why are you so anxious to kiss Elsie?"

The Man—"Well, you see, every fellow in our set has kissed her, and I don't want to seem snobbish."

Not Taking Any Chances.

When Captain Hammond, of the British Royal Flying Corps, flew from Dayton to Indianapolis the other day, one of the first fellows he met at the speedway was Johnny Aitken, the automobile speed king. Captain Hammond desired a spin around the speedway in Johnny's racing car, and he was accommodated.

"Did you give the captain any fancy thrills?" James A. Allison asked the racing man.

"I should say not," Johnny replied.

"Why not?" Allison wanted to know.

"Well, you see, it's this way; the captain is going to take me for a sky ride, and I don't want him to have any charges against me when he gets me about 10,000 feet northwest of yon fleecy cloud. No siree! The captain got a ride that was soothing and altogether gentle."

She Did Not Want Justice.

Daniel Willard, former chairman of the war industries board, said at a dinner in Washington: "The Germans are a funny people. They are whining now that the world is unjust to them. They remind me of an old maid who once went to a fashionable photographer and had herself photographed in a low-necked white gown. Looking at the result, the old maid hissed: 'This photograph does not do me justice.' 'Justice, ma'am?' said the photographer. 'Don't talk about justice. What you want is mercy.'"

Couldn't Follow Suit.

"Well," remarked the facetious person, "do you believe in the old saying, 'When in Rome do as the Romans do?'"

"No," replied the widely traveled man. "I am an adaptable person as a rule, but I was once the unwilling guest of some cannibals on an island in the Pacific, and I couldn't do as those particular 'Romans' did when they sat down to a banquet."

The Great Objection.

Young Fiddle was a very learned man, and his friends were all very disappointed, not to say surprised, when he refused to accept the degree of doctor of divinity. One of his colleagues tackled him on the subject.

"Ah, well," replied the learned young man, "it's enough to be named Fiddle, without being Fiddle, D.D."

A Sense of Delicacy.

"You don't carry a gun any more."

"No," replied Broncho Bob. "With all that artillery in action across the water what you can do with an ordinary gun in a neighborly way isn't worth noticing. And I've go too much respect for a six-shooter to make it look like a toy."

It Might Have Been.

"You're looking blue, doc. What's the matter?"

"Well, I'll tell you. A patient I began to treat died this morning."

"Ah, cheer up. He might have died even if you hadn't been called."

"M. P." in London.

Garge—"I see you've got M. P. on your sleeve. Be you a member of Parliament, then?"

Military Policeman (sarcastically)—"No, I'm mother's pet."

Powers of Concentration.

"So you think woman can do a man's work?"

"She may not be as skilful at first," replied Miss Cayenne. "But she's likely not to waste so much time arguing on a street corner or playing pinochle."

Spurred to Activity.

"You say you owe your success in life to the man you just snubbed?"

"Yes," replied the eminent capitalist, "to a large extent."

"Isn't it—er—rather ungrateful to treat him like that, considering what he did for you?"

"Not at all. Some years ago, in refusing to let me marry his daughter, he said I was an idle loafer, with the brains of a tadpole, and never would amount to a hill of beans. Right then and there I swore to prove him a liar."

Another Atrocity.

Little Ruth, who had been reading about the German atrocities in Belgium, went with her mother to the Museum of Arts.

"Oh, mother," she cried, standing in front of Venus de Milo, "look what the Germans did to this poor Belgian woman."

How to Remove a Pest.

Flora—"The idea! Here is a doctor who says that yawning will remove that annoying buzzing in one's ears."

Laura—"That's true. The other night, after young Mr. Jones had been talking steadily to me for three hours, I yawned twice and he went home."

Comparative.

"Contentment is always a comparative virtue."

"What do you mean?"

"Bigsby used up a dozen $50 tires from April to October, but he's tickled to death because he made his patched and busted garden hose last thru the summer."

Soured.

"The trouble with you, Wasserby, is that you take a jaundiced view of life."

"How can I help it? At the age of 18 I was married and went to live with my wife's folks."

Knew What He Was Doing.

"Was that a dog you just ran over, Jenkins?" asked the lady in the back seat of the car.

"Yes, madam," replied the chauffeur.

"Oh, Jenkins! How can you be so careless?"

"I wasn't careless, madam. I hit him right. It was a dachshund."

Strange.

"What time is the next train to Mudley, porter?"

"They've took it off, mum, 'cos of the war."

"Because of the war! How ridiculous! The war is in France."

A Mistake.

"I wonder Soakem has not been drafted for the Army long ago."

"A hard drinker like he is wouldn't be of any use as a soldier."

"Why, I thought they were making a lot of use of tanks over there."

His Experience.

"Say, old man, do you find married life more expensive than bachelorhood?"

"Well, it may be more expensive than a rigid single life, but it's cheaper than courtship."

Gentlemen All.

Mrs. Orler, a large, powerful woman, entered an overcrowded train, and, as she was too tired to stand, she went into the smoking car and took a seat near the door. She attracted no particular attention, as each man seemed to be absorbed in his tobacco and newspaper. The man seated next to her was perhaps unconscious of the vast quantities of smoke he was emitting, so intent was he in reading.

"H'm!" she said, glowering at him, "I was foolish enough to suppose that some of the men in here at least were gentlemen."

The offender straightened from his lounging posture. "Pardon me, madam," he answered, politely offering her a cigar.

Recruiters Please Notice.

In our city they were recruiting a battalion of short men known as the "Bantams."

One day a little 4-year-old soldier came in complaining of tiredness. When asked what he had been doing, he said: "I've been recruiting all day."

"Which battalion are you recruiting for?" he was asked.

"The Bantams," he replied.

"How many did you get?" was the next query.

"Oh," he said, with a little sigh of weariness. "I recruited 500 bantams and one rooster!"

Couldn't Hear Herself Talk.

Mr. Gotham—"Were you down to the meeting of the Woman's club today, dear?"

Mrs. Gotham—"Yes, I was."

"Did you speak?"

"I did."

"What did you say, dear?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I really don't know. There were so many all talking at once that I couldn't hear myself speak."

Couldn't Fool Him.

Bibulous Bibbens, en route home from the club, had anchored to a lamp post, with absolute certainty that if he hunted diligently he could locate the keyhole. Finally he could endure the silence and suspense no longer.

"You can't fool me, Nell," he shouted. "I know you're home. I can see the light in your window."—Puck.

Where the Money Went.

At a dedication festival service at a country church the following announcement was made by the pastor: "The collections today will be devoted to the arch fund, and not, as was erroneously printed in the morning paper, to the archfiend."

A Retired Luxury.

"Have you got any shade trees where you can hang a hammock?"

"No," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Help is so scarce an' so particular that if there was anything as comfortable as a hammock around the place the hired man would insist on usin' it."

The Spring Drawback.

"Isn't the spring wonderful?"

"I used to be very fond of the spring season, but now I've come to look on it as the time the hired girl either quits us for a better place or leaves us to get married."

Soldier's Only Exemption.

Visitor—"Have you ever been bitten by a mule?"

Soldier—"Have I? Say, mister, the longest time I ever went without gettin' bitten was a week I was in hospital from bein' kicked."

Fine All Around.

"How do you like the neighbors in your new apartment house."

"Best I ever had. We were anxious not to know anybody and everybody is evidently determined not to know us."

Lady—"My friend, you must take things as they come in this world."

Burglar—"That's just why I got pinched."

POEM OF GRATITUDE.

Tanks,
Thanks!

Incurable Optimism.

Irvin S. Cobb was banqueted in New York by a group of admirers a few days before his departure for the war zone.

"Best I ever had. We were anxious not to know anybody and everybody is evidently determined not to know us."

"Yes, even in times like these I'm an optimist. Perhaps it's silly on my part. Perhaps it makes me resemble Wash White.

"Wash White, an incurable optimist, killed a friend at a gin party, and the jury duly pronounced him guilty of second-degree murder, and the judge sentenced him to imprisonment for life.

"As Optimist Wash, laden with chains clanked cheerily down the jail corridors on the way back from the courtroom to his cell, he passed his friend and fellow-captive, Calhoun Clay.

"'Wash,' said Cal, 'how long has ye got to serve?'

"Wash waved his manacled hand airily. "'Jes' from now on,' said he.

One Way to Squelch Them.

"Sir, I have no home," began the seedy-looking man, "and——"

"No taxes to pay, no rent, no coal bills, no worry over the rise in milk prices. Permit me to congratulate you."

"I have no job, and——"

"Lucky chap! No danger of being fired."

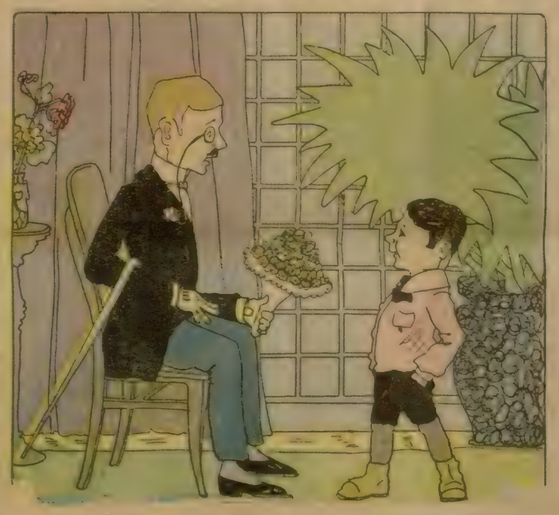
"But I am serious. I have no money, and——"

"No temptation to spend it foolish on able-bodied beggars. Why, you're a veritable child of fortune. Good day!"

An Apple Press.

A judge was questioning an Irishman at a recent trial. "He took you by the throat and choked you, did he?" asked the judge.

"He did, sorr," said Pat. "Sure, sorr, he squazed me throat till I thought he would make cider of me Adam's apple."



Algy—"Your sister is a long time making up her mind to come down, Freddy."

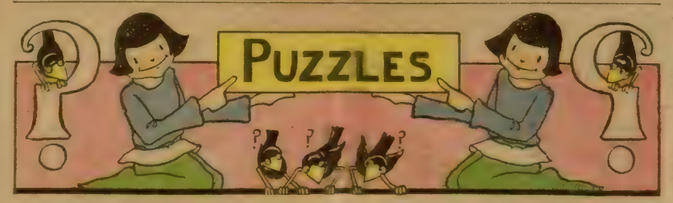
Freddy—"Oh, it's not that

Algy—"Not what?"

Freddy—"Not her mind she's making up."

"Joe, are you a married man?"

"Boss, do you s'pose I'd be wukkin' here if I wus married?"



Diagonal Puzzle.

71—

S . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . A

The new diagonal is "S——A" and the words are:

1. A point of the compass.
2. A substance used as a pigment.
3. German cavalry man.
4. A series of cars.
5. A shrub whose leaves are used for dyeing.

Transposition.

72—1. Transpose Nacre and leave a large bird.
2. Transpose Nasty and leave an herb.
3. Transpose Gassl and leave a transparent article.
4. Transpose Deabr and leave something to eat.
5. Transpose Sehro and leave a beast of burden.

Geographical Mutilations.

73—1. Behead a volcano in the Philippines and have a river in Italy.
2. Doubly behead a town in Massachusetts and have a town in New Hampshire.
3. Behead a city in Siberia and get a city in Akmolinsk.
4. Change the middle letter of a river in Germany and have another large river in Europe.
5. Change the fourth letter of a city in China and get a county in Idaho.
6. Change the third letter of a town in Oxford County, Maine, and have a city in Massachusetts.
7. Change the middle letter of a cape on the New England coast and have one of the United States. (Abbreviation.)
8. Behead a part of Germany and have a large country in Europe.
9. Add a letter to a river between Maine and Canada and have a city in Newfoundland.

Mathematical Problem.

74—As I was beating on the meadow grounds,
Up starts a hare before my two greyhounds;
The dogs, being light of foot did fairly run,
To her fifteen rods, just twenty-one;
And the distance that she started up before,
Was six and ninety just, and no more.
Now I would have you clever folks declare
How far they ran before they caught the hare?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

67. Diagonal Puzzle.

A M B E R
M A U V E
B U R I N
E V I C T
R E N T S

68. Anagram.

Candle.

69. Mixed Words.

"Love is sweet in any guise.
But it's best in sacrifice."

70. Diamond.

B I N
B A B E S
L I B E R T Y
N E R V Y
S Y
T
Y
L

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

The chronic borrower draws the line at trouble.

It is useless to advertise for a lost opportunity.

Trying to scale a precipice is another name of bluff.

Many a man who thinks he is a martyr is only a chump.

One animated statute is better than a dozen dead letter laws.

It is difficult to judge a woman by the things she doesn't say.

All men are born without wisdom and some never outgrow it.

When doctors cannot otherwise agree they call it heart failure.

Wings of riches may enable a man to fly from his poor relations.

Fortune seldom knocks at the door of the chronic kicker.

A man's crookedness often gets him into financial straits.

A man likes to believe in eternal punishment for the other fellow.

When a woman begins to assert her rights she magnifies her wrongs.

A centipede doesn't mind a little thing like having one foot in the grave.

A painful silence is unknown to men—but with women it's different.

Some folks go abroad to complete their education and some to begin it.

Every woman has a right to pose as a beauty at the expense of her druggist.

No, Dorothy, an adept in pyrography isn't necessarily a successful piemaker.

Some men are high livers because of their inability to pay ground floor rents.

Talkative people seldom say much, but as long as they think they do they are happy.

For every man who is willing to lift you will find a dozen who cheerfully stand around and grunt.

Marriage may be a failure or it may not be. In either case there is a lot of indisputable evidence to the contrary.

Health makes wealth for some, but not for the physician and the undertaker.

While there is life there is always hope that nature will postpone the collection of her debt.

Many marriages are due to the fact that the contracting parties fail to understand each other.

Many a man who would steer clear of a graveyard after dark is not afraid of a park full of spirits.

Your Kitchen in War Time

Conserving Fats, a Patriotic Duty

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

FATS of all kinds are a valuable part of our daily diet. In order to nourish our bodies well, we need a certain amount of fat, whether vegetable or animal, in our food. There is little question but that every one of us, prior to the war, used more fat than he needed. According to figures given by the University of Minnesota Extension Division, every individual in the United States consumed twenty-eight ounces of fats per week, during the year of 1916.

As a matter of fact, this is more than twice what the normal body requires. The standard amount allowed for body needs is eleven ounces. The German war ration was but five and one-half ounces some time ago, and has since been cut considerably. But the German people are not the only ones who are suffering from a lack of fats. Our Allies as well, the English, Belgians, French and Italians, likewise have not enough fat with which to keep their people properly nourished, and is is for this reason, that our own Food Administration has asked us to cut down on our fat consumption and to substitute vegetable oils for the more familiar animal fats.

Not only that, but we are requested to eliminate waste. We will have to admit that Americans are the most wasteful people in the world, or were, at least, until the Food Administration awakened us to a sense of peril, if not of duty.

There are not a few ways in which you can help your Government win this war. Perhaps woman's greatest means of helping her dear ones who are fighting on the Western front, is in food conservation. We cannot emphasize the saving of all kinds of food, too much. We must keep saving everlastingly. Not only is today the time for saving, but tomorrow as well, and the next day, and the day after that.

Women are holding the home trenches, just as our boys are holding front line trenches in Alsace, in Picardy and at Verdun. We don't expect our boys to quit until "it's all over, over there." In fact, we'd be mightily ashamed of them if they did. Just now your Uncle Sam expects every man and woman to do his duty. You're no exception to the rule. It's only by perseverance that we'll ever accomplish our end. Our boys over there aren't quitting; they don't want you to quit, because if you do, you're liable to place them in a mighty embarrassing position. If we haven't food to ship them and our Allies, they will have to quit. Would you like to have the blame for a German blood victory on your shoulders?

A little thought will go a long way in helping you wage war against the Hun. In planning meals observe these few suggestions. Reduce the number of fried and sauted dishes. This method of cooking results in loss of fat thru burning. Do not use butter in cooking. Vegetable fats and oils with the little addition of salt, may be satisfactorily substituted in its place. Save the butter for table use. Cut out the following substitution table and paste it up in your kitchen where you can see it:

14 tbsps. (⅞c.) Beef or mutton fat (clarified)..equal 1 c. butter
14 tbsps. (⅞ c.) Chicken fat (clarified)..... equal 1 c. butter
14 tbsps. (⅞ c.) Commercial fat compound...equal 1 c. butter
14 tbsps (⅞ c.) Cottonseed oil.....equal 1 c. butter
14 tbsps (⅞ c.) Corn oil.equal 1 c. butter
14 tbsps. (⅞ c.) Hardened vegetable fat.....equal 1 c. butter
14 tbsps. (⅞ c.) Lard....equal 1 c. butter
16 tbsps. (1 c.) Oleomargarine.....equal 1 c. butter
1 c. cream (18 per cent) .....equals 3 tbsps. butter
1 c. cream (40 per cent) .....equals 6 tbsps. butter

Choose recipes calling for small amounts of fat.

In yeast breads, fat may be omitted entirely and in quick breads the fat from meat drippings, chicken fat, or cracklings may be used for shortening.

A few other valuable hints for saving fats, follow:

CLARIFY FATS—Clarifying fat improves color, odor, flavor, and keeping quality. Heat the fat in an equal volume of water for a short time. Stir frequently. When cool, remove fat layer and reheat to drive off extra moisture; or heat the fat with a few slices of raw potato until the potatoes are browned, then strain.

SOFTEN HARD FATS—Rendered beef and mutton fat are too hard to use satisfactorily in cooking. Two cups of rendered beef or mutton fat, melted with 1 cup of vegetable oil, such as cottonseed or corn oil, stirred while hot and occasionally while cooling to prevent separation, gives soft pliable fat.

MAKE SAVORY FATS—Some fats, such as mutton tallow, leave an objectionable flavor. Prepare these as "savory fat." Use them in frying meats or vegetables, and for making sauces to combine with vegetables. 1 pound unrendered fat (chopped fine), 1 slice onion, ½ inch thick, 2 inches across; 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon bay leaves (broken.)

CONSERVATION MAYONNAISE DRESSING—1½ tablespoons cornstarch, cup of water, 1 tablespoon salt, 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon mustard cayenne pepper, 2 egg yolks or 1 egg, 1 cup oil (olive, corn or cottonseed.)

Cornstarch Paste—Heat ¾ cup of water and put in salt. When boiling add the cornstarch which has been stirred into ¼ cup of cold or luke-warm water. Cook until transparent. When cold, the thickness should resemble that of the mayonnaise.

Mayonnaise—Add cayenne pepper, mustard, and salt to the egg and beat. Add 1 tablespoon of vinegar. Then add the oil, in small quantities at first, beating constantly. As the mixture thickens, gradually add the rest of the vinegar and oil, continuing the beating until all of the oil and vinegar are used. When done the dressing should resemble whipped cream in consistency.

Combination—After the cornstarch paste is cold, blend the two by thoroly beating.

Learning to Save.

HONEY can be used in making cookies.

Mush bars may be baked as well as fried.

Never waste even a teaspoonful of bacon fat.

Boiled samp or coarse hominy is very nutritious.

There is no salt shortage, and no prospect of one.

Celery is a flavor too little used when cooking fish.

Mock cherries can be made of large red cranberries.

As a rule meats containing much fat are not wholesome.

Corn breads made with eggs and milk are very nutritious.

Never limit the plain food of growing children—that is waste.

Sweet peppers may be fried with onions and served with beefsteak.

Dried lima beans are delicious baked under a piece of fresh pork.

A simple milk and potato soup may be given relish with celery salt.

A little milk in the buckwheat cakes makes them brown more readily.

Beef drippings can be used in ginger cake.

Always save sour cream for cheese or cooking.

Honey and baked apples served together are delicious.

Every man should know at least a little about cooking.

Onion soup is a savory dish to serve on a cold night.

Salmon can be used instead of codfish in potato cakes.

Add a sprig of mint to new potatoes while boiling them.

Fried filet of fish is excellent served with cabbage salad.

If you don't serve potatoes with meat, be sure to serve spinach.

When washing dishes leave the saucepans till after the plates.

Cut pickles into tiny bits and add to potato salad to give relish.

Eggs scrambled with lemon make an appetizing luncheon dish.

Mix the fruit with sugar and fat for a fruit cake and it will not settle.

Cleanliness is a matter of tremendous importance in everything that pertains to food.

Add a pinch of borax to the rinsing water of handkerchiefs, if you would have them a little stiff.

Prune puddings or whips make cheap and wholesome desserts.

Cheese Jelly Salad.

MIX ½ cup grated cheese with 1 cup whipped cream. Season to taste with salt and pepper and add 1 tablespoonful gelatin dissolved in 1 scant cupful of water. Turn into molds rinsed with cold water. When jelly begins to harden sprinkle with grated cheese. Serve with French or cream dressing.

Handy Screw Eyes.

SCREW eyes used discreetly mean neatness. Use small ones in the ends of nail and bath brushes and hang them above the washbowl. Two large screw eyes in the end of your ironing board will enable you to hang it on nails above the dust of the floor. It saves room and keeps your board out of the way. Use small screw eyes for vegetable and sink brushes and hang them on L-shaped curtain-rod screws over the sink. Use large screw eyes in the top of broom, brush broom, oil mop and mop and hang them on long, thin nails in your cleaning closet. In addition to keeping things out of the way, this plan adds materially to the life of brushes and brooms.

Rye Gingerbread.

MIX and sift ⅓ cup ryemeal, ¾ cup whole wheat, ½ teaspoonful ginger, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon and ½ teaspoonful salt. Add ⅓ cup molasses, 2 tablespoonfuls salad oil and ½ cup boiling water, in which 1 teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Add ½ teaspoonful vanilla. Mix well and bake in layer-cake or muffin tins.

The Clothes Basket.

A CLOTHES basket with two parts is convenient for keeping white and colored clothes separately. Or the division may be made small and used for clothespins.

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Last Installment of

Jack Urquart's Double

By Annie B. Quimby

What the Story Is About

A YOUNG woman is dragged before a police judge for trying to drown herself and her baby. She is placed in an asylum for a short time, and the child is sent to an orphanage. Later, the mother seeks the baby, but finds it has been adopted by a woman named Heriot. Unable to locate it, she marries again. Her husband is a rich mill operator in the village of Fraserville. Two more sons are born by this marriage. Art, the younger son, betrays Mercy Fisher, daughter of an old night watchman at the mills. With the aid of an unscrupulous lawyer named Blackburn, Art removes the girl to the city of Ottawa. The father of the two boys dies suddenly. Art desires to inherit everything, and tries to prove that his older brother, Jack, is an illegitimate son. Mrs. Urquart denies it. Art's attorney, Blackburn, tries to prove it, but fails. Art and his attorney then locate Jack Heriot, who looks exactly like Jack Urquart, and start scheming. In the meantime, Art tries to make love to Jack's fiancee, Grace Renton, but she repulses him, and he threatens that he will make married life a horror for her when she becomes the wife of Jack. On going to tell his mother that he is to be married at once to Grace Renton, the mother tells Jack of her first marriage to Robert Thurlow, of his deserting her, and later his death thru accident. Also of the first child which she could not find, whom she also called Jack. While Art is in Ottawa to visit Mercy and hide her away even more safely, Jack weds Grace. Art entices Jack to the city thru a telegram, lures him to a house, and by doping him changes his identity. Jack Heriot, who is Jack Urquart's double, is given Urquart's clothes, while the latter is dressed in Heriot's clothing, and turned over to the police as Jack Heriot, the highwayman. Mercy, who is in the house, sees Art Urquart, Blackburn, the lawyer, and Jack Heriot victimize Jack Urquart. In the meantime Mrs. Urquart, the boys' mother, broken-hearted, has fled to a convent and become a nun. Mercy is held virtually a prisoner in Mrs. Heriot's house. Jack Urquart is sentenced to prison for the crimes of Jack Heriot, despite his plea of mistaken identity. Mrs. Urquart, now Sister Rose, confesses to the Mother Superior her story and that she was present at the trial. Jack's double defies Art to expose him. Mercy goes home with her child. Grace joins them to care for the child, who is ill, and then goes to get Art when the child dies. Jack's double demands that Grace live with him as his wife and he and Art fight. Jack's double refuses to acknowledge his mother.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 27, dated July 6.

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CHAPTER XX.

MERCY SPURNS ART'S NAME.

WHEN Grace reached the cottage, Mercy had prepared the little body for its last resting place. She had a mother's jealousy to the last. No hand but her own should touch the little form.

"Artie would be sure to know if mamma didn't dress him," she explained, in her simple, childish way.

An hour later Art Urquart opened the door of the cottage and entered. Old Josiah Fisher sat outside by the door, whittling. As Art passed the old man lifted to him a countenance on which grief and reproach were stamped. Art Urquart's proud spirit was rebuked by the voiceless pain and anguish of that look. It was just such a look as a wounded cur lifts to the eyes of a brutal master.

In the bedroom a fire burned, for the night was chilly. By it sat Mercy Fisher. An old woman sat by the girl trying to comfort her. The woman rose as Art entered, and left the room.

Grace had already left the room, and the neighbor joined her, and together they walked as far as the little lattice gate. The woman wended her way in the direction of her home, but Grace remained leaning over the gate; her mind in a turmoil of uneasy thought.

The meeting with the man who had usurped her husband's name and position, had stirred her deeply. Could he carry out his threat? Would the law compel her to live with him? The law had taken her husband from her and sent him to prison for another's crime. Would it compel her to live with an impostor? Her head fell upon the gate, and she forgot the place and time.

Mercy lifted her face and looked steadily at Art Urquart as he entered the room. There were no tears in her eyes, and no sigh escaped her. She rose calmly, and pointed to where the little form lay.

"God has taken little Artie from us," she said solemnly, removing the white cloth from the little waxen face. Art Urquart shuddered, he saw his own infant features.

"My little Artie," the girl murmured tenderly. "How quiet the restless little body is now."

Art stood looking at his little dead child, and could speak no word.

"God has taken little Artie to be an angel," the girl continued. "It is better so. He will meet us again some time—perhaps in Heaven. Something seems to have gone wrong with us here on earth, but in Heaven there will be no marriage, or giving in marriage."

Art moved uneasily, and passed his hand over his brow. He was thinking terrible, bitter thoughts, but he would not give them utterance.

"Night and day, since little Artie came, I have asked God to bless him, to make up to him for the loss of parents like other children had. You see, God has answered my prayer. He has taken my little darling to be with Him in Heaven," and her voice quivered.

A Bible lay turned face downward on a stand by her side. Old Josiah Fisher had been reading it. Mercy picked it up mechanically, and her eyes fell upon the words: "The sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children, to the third and fourth generation." With a cry of suppressed anguish, she said: "It isn't true! It can't be true! Oh, Artie, my darling!"

The man went to her side and read the verse she pointed out with trembling finger.

A sudden fury seized him. He took the book from her hand and in his blind rage tore and scattered the sacred pages upon the floor.

"It's a lie!" in the white heat of passion. "They tell us that God is merciful, and then they tell us that He punishes innocent children for the sins of their parents. Don't believe it, Mercy. The child is happy. It has never committed a sinful act. It must be in Heaven." His anger was cooling. He went near to her and laid his hand gently upon her arm.

"Art, you should not have destroyed that Holy Book," she said reproachfully.

"Forgive me, Mercy. The words maddened me. The child must be safe!"

"Yes, I will trust God to care for my little boy," Mercy said. "But our punishment has come quickly."

She walked to the other side of the bed, and stooping down kissed the little face and hands. The tears came at last, and rained down upon the silent face of her dead babe. The man could endure the strain no longer.

"Mercy," he said in deep agitated voice. "Mercy, if there be any sin, it is mine, and the punishment will be mine, also. Do not worry about the child. Be sure he is in Heaven. My life has been all wrong from the very beginning. I have brought nothing but sorrow and misfortune to all who have been unfortunate enough to care for me. I have sown the wind, and I am now reaping the whirlwind. I am anxious to atone for the past; but I must do it speedily. If it will be any consolation to you, Mercy, we will be married at once. This very night if you choose. I can at least give you the protection of my name."

Mercy did not reply for a few seconds. Then she sadly shook her head.

"No, Art, I don't wish it now," she said. "If Artie had lived, for his sake I would have rejoiced at your words. But marriage cannot blot out the past, and Artie doesn't need your name now." She spoke kindly, but with decision.

The man's face showed the pain in his heart. The one whose love he had thought would endure forever, had now refused his name. Was he such a villain? Had he murdered the love of every human creature? It must be so, since Mercy had refused to bear his name.

"I deserve it all!" he cried. "But I would have liked to have left you my name. Good-by," and he grasped her hand across the bed.

Between them, and beneath their clasped hands, lay their little child, cold in death.

"Good-by," she said. "I pray God that when we meet again, it will be in Heaven."

"If there be a God, and a judgment, we will have to meet again," he said, and his voice broke.

"Save Her! Save My Nellie!"

CHAPTER XXI.

GHOSTS OF HIS FOLLIES HAUNT HIM.

AFTER Art Urquart left Mercy's presence, he went stumbling down the path to the lattice gate. He was blind with misery and remorse, and a fierce anger burned in his heart, that things should have turned out so. He felt then that every man's hand was against him, and his hand against every man's.

In his misery he didn't notice Grace leaning against the gate until he put out his hand to open it. She gave a startled exclamation. The sound of her voice roused him.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not know you were here."

"I—I was leaning over the gate thinking. You asked me tonight if I had no word to say to you. I ask you now, will you allow this impostor to force me to live with him?"

"You need have no fear of him. It was only an idle threat."

"It is no idle threat!" she said and handed him a crumpled paper.

He looked at the paper for several seconds. "It is not worth the paper it is written on," he said. "Do you know who this man is?" he asked, with visible agitation.

"Jack Heriot, the highway robber," she answered, calmly and without hesitation.

He did not reply, but his brows knit, his fingers interlaced and his breath came in short gasps.

"Grace, I will not seek to deceive you longer. I stand before you tonight the most miserable man on earth. I did what I did, knowing well that I should repent it. But I was driven to it. My desire for wealth and power dulled every other sense. I was only a second son, and the thought was torture. My desire for power and wealth, mastered me then. I had not the power to resist it. And then, there was revenge."

Grace waved her hand impatiently.

"Why do you tell me all this? You have ruined his life and mine," she replied bitterly.

"Yes, and my revenge has turned to dead sea fruit," and his voice fell to a whisper. "There are some men to whom love is a passing breath, just an event in their lives, and then it is gone. To me, it is a wound that gathers and breaks, but never heals."

Grace shivered; the words fell like fire upon her soul and withered all sympathetic thought.

"In this, the death hour of your child, you speak to me of love. To me—your brother's wife. Do you ever think of what he must be enduring?" she asked, lifting her voice almost to a wail. "When you see that man, that instrument of your revenge, who is now your master, when you see him wasting his substance, and dishonoring his fair name; have you no regret for the work you have done, the misery you have forced upon him? Do you think of him sometimes?"

"Yes, I think of him," he said humbly. "At night, when the wind sighs thru the trees, and the long, silent, sleepless hours drag slowly by, I think of him then; and I think of him as a happy man. There have been times when I have envied him. What if he wears a convict's garb? His soul is free—he is yoked to no burden of remorse, no blighting influence overshadows his life."

"You are simply reaping what you have sown," Grace replied.

"Grace, I am not all bad. No human soul can be that. My nature is a peculiar mixture of good and evil, but most evil. The time is not far distant when I shall be forgotten. Do you think you could forgive me, Grace?"

"My forgiveness can make little difference to you, now. There is one, however, whom you might make happy, even yet," and she glanced toward the cottage.

"I have offered her the protection of my name, but she has refused. It is the same with all who have cared for me; I have murdered their love."

Grace did not reply. She felt at that moment that she could not sympathize and dared not reproach. His remorse and self-condemnation were too poignant for mortals to cast reproach in his face.

"I have sinned, but I have also suffered," he went on. "The time is drawing near when I shall trouble the world no more. In the few days that are left to me, I shall try to atone for the past. This is the ninth of September, on the

fifteenth I shall pass out of this life forever."

A look of horror crossed Grace's face. "You—you would not——"

"I will outrage God's laws as little as possible. I have a presentiment that I will die on that day, that's all."

Grace smiled a faint relieved smile. It was only morbid fancy then.

For a minute each was busy with his own thoughts. Then Grace returned to the subject that had caused her so much uneasiness.

"I must ask you again, not to let that monster who calls himself my husband, drag me before the courts and compel me to live with him?"

"It shall not be," he answered without hesitation. "He may bring you before a court, I am powerless to prevent that, but I can thwart him in claiming you as his wife. Don't fear that you will ever be compelled to live with the fellow. I will see to that."

The last few days, Art Urquart had spent almost entirely at his office. His companion in crime had turned the Beeches into a most undesirable place. By crime and treachery Art had become master of his father's estate, but he was compelled to leave his own home for—the other. His sin had found him out!

Art Urquart sent a boy for the foreman.

"I shall probably be gone several days, Mr. Murphy. You must do the best you can during my absence," he said, dismissing the man.

For a long time he sat in silence. His face was stern and deeply shadowed. Deep resolve was written there, also deep humiliation. He rose and paced the floor for a while, then his face grew soft and tender. His mood had changed again. He was thinking of the delirious happiness of the first few weeks of his acquaintance with Mercy Fisher. That was before he had been seized with the insane craving for power and wealth. For a few blissful weeks he had believed that she held his whole world in her little white hands. Then came the cruel awakening.

When his iron will had swept away all obstacles, when the girl had surrendered her very soul into his keeping, given her young life into his hands, then, having gained his desires, he grew weary of his toy. She was a flower whose bloom had withered, and whose rare perfume, thru constant association had become monotonous. But had he really forgotten her?

While he was thinking, the soft glow left his cheek, the tender light his eyes. The hard, stern look that had become habitual had settled over his face again. He ceased his restless pacing, and dropped into a chair by the table; his head sank upon the polished oak, and his arms encircled it. Lying thus he reviewed the past, and his face grew hard and bitter.

CHAPTER XXII.

SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

WITH torturing persistency his mind recalled, one by one, the events of the day, and one by one, the events of the last two years came crowding upon him. A convulsion of nature was upheaving every memory of the past. Every memory had its own particular sting, and fell like a blight upon his soul. He did not stop to think of the ruin his act would bring to human souls. It was the burning of a hopeless and scorned love, that drove him on; and the insatiable desire for revenge.

But above the squirmings of remorse, above the smothering of regret, above the plea of a maddened and hopeless love, was the voice of revenge shrieking loudly in his soul. The man whom he had bought as a slave, and who had now become his master, must be brought to the dust at his feet, even, if in the doing he must fall himself. That was the only thing left for him to do. He must go to Ottawa and seek out the Minister of Justice, and say: "I have sworn falsely. The man who was condemned as Jack Heriot, is Jack Urquart, and my own brother."

That would bring the scheming villain to the end of his rope, but at the cost of his own life and liberty. Yet, what did it matter? He was in the twilight, and the day of his life was done.

Perhaps it would be better if he allowed things to take their course. In the natural course of events, things would surely right themselves, and the guilty be punished in God's own time. Right must prevail, else there was no God. He was a disgraced and ruined man, turned from his father's house, and compelled to see a stranger living there. The gall had been prepared by himself, and he must not complain if it were bitter.

The impostor must be brought down, and with him the ruins of what might have been a good man.

It were better now that the light of his own life should go out. He had no duties to tie him to earth. To two of his victims he could make reparation. He could restore them to their own. But the blighted life of the girl, who had loved him better than self, or honor, and the ruined home of old Josiah Fisher, he could not restore to them.

Never for an instant, never in his bitterest agony, did Art Urquart lie to his own soul, and believe it. In his heart he knew the resolution he had formed was prompted more by revenge than remorse. His was not the nature to be a saint when sick, to cry out to God when overwhelmed by his own sin—that was for the weaklings of the world. The iron had entered his soul, but he had driven it there himself.

For hours he sat there, full of self-reproach, and eager for revenge on the man who had once been his slave, but who now was his master. Bitter, accusing, cynical thoughts, rushed thru his brain. The hands of his watch pointed to three o'clock before he sought the couch to rest. It was not sleep he wanted. Sleep had become too full of terrors. Fearful as were his waking hours, the hours of sleep were more so.

Tired nature was about to assert itself, however, when the furious clanging of a bell, and the shrill whistles from the mills and factories, roused him. He sprang up, every sense alert.

"Was I dreaming?" he cried to the chairs and tables. "No, it's real," and he snatched his hat and dashed out.

As he opened the door the glare almost blinded him. One of the factories was on fire. It was the woolen mill; and it seemed to be one sheet of flame. For a moment he stood and looked at it, and a grim smile played over his set face.

"Fate is dealing me another card," he thought, then started suddenly.

At an upper window a white terrified face appeared thru the sheet of fire, and above this roar and crackling of the fire a woman screamed.

People were running in every direction. Women screamed and fainted as that white agonized face appeared at the window. Men cursed and ran madly about, vainly trying to do something.

An aged woman ran screaming towards the building, her white hair flying loosely in the breeze, giving her a ghostly apearance. She ran straight to Art Urquart, and cried imploringly:

"Save her, save my Nellie! She is all I have!"

"Poor soul!" a woman cried. "Her daughter is in the mill. I hear she went early to fill some bobbins."

Art Urquart gave the hysterical woman into the hands of her neighbors and darted away. Straight into the burning building he went. Men shouted and women screamed for him to come back, but he heeded them not at all.

The building was dense with smoke and flame. The lower part of the stairway had been burned away, but a ladder stood near by. In an instant he had bridged the gulf and reached the second floor.

To the right, and between him and the door of the room where the terrified girl was pounding frantically upon the window frame, was blinding sheet of flame. It would be sheer madness to try to pass it, yet there was no other door leading into that room. He set his teeth hard. The smoke rose in suffocating waves. The flames had scorched his face and hair. He drew back; there was a crash, part of the heavy staircase had fallen, cutting off his escape. A window was before him. It faced the same way as that at which his young employe stood. With his foot he shattered the glass. A delicious breeze came in. It swept the heavy cloud of smoke away for an instant, but it also fanned the flames to greater fury.

For a moment he stood poised on the window sill, the crowd below watching in breathless awe. He was only ten feet from the window where Nellie Orton stood. She saw him, and for a moment ceased her frantic screaming. It was a fearful moment. Hundreds had gathered to watch the fire, but no one could render any assistance. The Urquart mills and factories had been criminally neglected, in regard to fire protection and escape.

Art Urquart could feel the walls tremble; they would soon give way. If he would save his own life and that of the girl he must hasten.

Face to face with death, and the terrible scene before him, the man was as calm and unmoved as tho sitting alone in his den.

The crowd looked on in a sort of dull stupor, yet full of admiration for the calmness and self-possession of the man. They did not know the secret of his unruffled spirit. How could they know how little he valued his life.

Casting his eyes about they fell upon a pile of cloth stacked ready for shipping. In a moment he had selected a roll of stout cloth, and rapidly unwound it. Leaning out the window he threw the girl the end. She caught it, and obeying his command fastened her end to a stout piece of machinery. He fastened his end, also, and with the remainder of the web thrown across his neck, he crept along the stout cloth to the window. A mighty cheer went up as he reached the sill in safety.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REMORSE CLUTCHES A VILLAIN.

IT WAS only a minute's work to tie the end of the cloth to the girl's waist and lower her to safety. There was a crash and a shower of sparks as part of the roof fell in, but it did not disturb Art Urquart, who appeared as cool and calm as ever.

Men shouted to warn him of his danger, and women begged him to hasten, but if he heard them he made no sign. When he finally did begin to descend by means of the cloth, his descent was so slow that the people lost all patience. As he neared the ground four stalwart fellows rushed forward and carried him bodily out of danger, and just then the walls fell with an awful crash.

Cheer after cheer rent the air, but he did not seem to hear them. He had acted the part of a hero, yet to all outward appearances he was unconscious of it.

As the men carried him out of danger and set him on the ground, he smiled one of his faint derisive smiles, as tho to say:

"What nonsense! You have done a silly thing!"

Men and women crowded around him, loud in their praise of the heroic act. Old Mrs. Orton grasped his hand, trying vainly to express her gratitude, but he gently pushed her aside.

"It is nothing," he cried impatiently. "Why all this fuss?"

Without looking to right or left, he walked direct to the office, and, entering, closed and locked the door. It was then almost seven o'clock.

Art Urquart immediately packed a few articles of wearing apparel in a suitcase, gathered up some legal looking papers, placed them on the inside pocket of his coat, hurried to the station and caught a train bound for the city.

Four hours later he stood before the door of the Sacred Heart convent. He rang the bell, asked to see Sister Rose. He was shown into a bare, comfortless room, and after a while Sister Rose appeared. Two hours later the convent gate swung open, and Art Urquart passed out again.

Within an hour he had sent his card into the Crown attorney. At the bottom of the card he wrote: "Business important. Can prove that the convict, Jack Heriot, is an innocent man."

He was immediately shown into the attorney's office. The attorney bowed as Art Urquart entered.

"You have given me a queer feeling, Mr. Urquart. I trust you are mistaken in this."

"I have told you the truth, as I am prepared to prove," Art replied.

The attorney frowned.

"If what you say is true, then we have made a bad business of this affair. If the convict is not Jack Heriot, then who is he?"

"He is the man he claimed to be—Jack Urquart, my brother."

The attorney looked aghast, then his eyes narrowed.

"How long have you known this, Mr. Urquart?" he asked.

"I knew it all the time." Art answered coolly.

"Yet, if I remember right, you swore otherwise at the trial?" said the attorney.

"I admit that I did. Yet I knew all the time that I was putting an impostor in my brother's place," Art declared.

The attorney did not reply for some minutes. He seemed to be uncertain whether the man was sane or not. Art Urquart read the other's thoughts with a grim smile.

"My mind is not impaired, and never was. I did what I did with the full knowledge of the enormity of the crime I was committing. I have no excuse to offer. I came to ask you to take immediate steps to have Jack Urquart released."

Not a muscle of his face moved, nor the flicker of an eyelid told of the strain he must be enduring, as he spoke the words that branded him a perjurer.

"Have you thought of what this means to you?" the attorney asked. "You know the law deals severely with a perjurer. You are liable to arrest and imprisonment."

"I know all that, and I am willing to take the consequences," said Art. "The prisoner must be released at once. His presence will be required at a trial that comes up at the assizes next week. Can you have him here by Monday night?"

"Four days," the other said, slowly. "Yes, I think I can. But you will have to make a sworn declaration of the confession you have just made to me. Then the prisoner can be brought here under guard, and he will be given a new trial."

When Art Urquart left the Crown attorney's office the sun was sinking in a golden haze in the west. He had taken all the legal steps necessary to prove for the time being, at least, that the convict, Jack Heriot, was Jack Urquart.

No food had passed his lips since the evening before, and he began to feel weak and faint. He hailed a taxicab and in twenty minutes was eating dinner at his hotel.

He went to his room soon after dinner and threw himself on the bed. He had grown to dread sleep as one might a deadly serpent. For hours he tossed restlessly on his bed, with bitter thoughts for company. Finally he could endure it no longer. He rose, and taking his overcoat, left the hotel, and strolled thru the almost deserted streets. It was past midnight. He walked to Parliament Hill. Slowly he walked thru the well kept grounds; noticed with a grim smile, the signs, "Keep Off the Grass," but heeded them not. He strolled down the lovers' walk, and surprised a belated pair of sweethearts in the shadow of a huge redwood, that dated its birth centuries before. On he went, heedless of where his steps led him. After what seemed hours of aimless wandering, the roar of the mighty whirlpool (commonly called the devil's hole) was in his ears, and suggested a terrible thought. "How easy it would be to end it all. Just one leap and his worries would be over. But would they really be over?" That thought troubled him a little. He would prefer to think that there was no life beyond.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SCOUNDREL IS TRAPPED.

THE following Tuesday, the 14th of September, the old town hall was packed by an eager, curious throng. The fall assizes were in session, and the first case on the docket was one of peculiar local interest. It was an action brought by Jack Urquart against Mrs. Grace Urquart, whom he claimed as his wife. His plea was for the restoration of connubial rights, and that his wife be compelled to live with him as such. The case was to come before a jury.

Grace and her mother occupied seats in the front row. Grace's face was flushed, and her eyes sought the floor, as the spectators burned her with their eyes. She was restless and anxious. Her face paled perceptibly as Art Urquart entered the room and took a seat almost opposite her. He had given her his word that he would not allow this monstrous wrong to be carried further. Would he keep his word? Since that memorable night he had given her no inkling of his intentions. He must have read something of her thoughts in the appealing wistfulness of her face, for he smiled reassuringly.

He came in and took his seat so quietly that few had observed him. He sat there as calm as any one in the room. His head was bent forward, and his calm, cold eyes had a thoughtful look.

The injured husband, as he represented himself, was surrounded by his inseparable friends. Among the more conspicuous was Jimmy Moore, the grocer, and Tom, the fiddler. The prosecuting husband sat close to Blackburn, who was acting as his counsel, assisted by a legal light from Toronto. He was dressed in a flashy suit of plaid, and had a huge tiger-lily stuck jauntily in his buttonhole. His face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled. Now and then he would whisper something to one of his friends which would immediately be followed by smiles.

The counsel for the plaintiff opened his case, with an impassioned appeal for the rights of a husband. Blackburn and his assistant waxed eloquent over the wrongs of their client, representing him as a patient and long-suffering man, who had endured much at the hands of a capricious wife. For two years he had patiently borne the ridicule of friends. But there comes a time when patience ceases to be a virtue, and that time had arrived for his client. He now demanded that the court compel his wife to live with him as such. To this end he would call a witness who had known his client since childhood.

Jimmy Moore was called, and testified to having known the plaintiff since he was a wee mite. He swore that he was Jack Urquart, and the husband of Grace Urquart, the defendant.

Old Jake, the gardener at the Beeches, swore to having picked flowers for the plaintiff when he was "a wee bit lad" and was sure he could not be mistaken.

A number of others were examined and all gave much the same evidence. They had all known the plaintiff since childhood, and were quite sure of his identity. Jack Urquart had a mole on his left cheek, so had the plaintiff. Jack Urquart had a peculiar shaped scar on his right wrist, caused by falling upon a scythe. The plaintiff rolled back the

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cuff of his shirt and exhibited a like scar.

Blackburn smiled blandly at the jury, and the jury smiled blandly at Blackburn. "Was it really necessary to proceed further? Surely it was a pity to occupy the time of the court. The case in a nut shell was—the lady had quarreled with her husband. Being of a fickle mind she had repented of her marriage when too late."

The counsel for the defense smiled also, but it was a weak smile of conscious defeat. He looked crestfallen and disappointed, and murmured something about having been promised more conclusive evidence when he undertook the case.

Art Urquart rose, his face pale, but hard and firm as a rock. He whispered a few words into the ear of Grace's counsel. That gentleman's face at once brightened. He rose quickly to his feet and said:

"Your honor, I have unexpectedly come into possession of most important evidence. New witnesses for the defense have recently arrived. I must ask your honor to allow them to be examined. We have heard the evidence of those testifying for the complainant. With your permission we will now hear the evidence of the witnesses of whom I speak. The jury will now have the opportunity of seeing the two men together, as the convict has arrived from Kingston, and is waiting to be summoned hither. The first witness to be examined, with your honor's permission, will be Mercy Fisher."

A murmur of surprise ran thru the room. Then Mercy was brought in. As she took the witness stand she trembled. So much of her own pitiful life story would have to be revealed to the world, in the story which she was about to tell.

The Judge asked:

"Do you recognize the plaintiff?"

"Yes, he is the son of Mrs. Heriot, who keeps a rooming-house in Hull."

A buzz of excitement ran thru the room, and all eyes turned to where the plaintiff sat. His face was white and startled, and his eyes were glued to the face of the witness. He realized he was trapped. In all his plotting he had never once thought that Art Urquart would jeopardize his own freedom to bring him down.

"Give us your reasons for saying that the plaintiff is the son of Mrs. Heriot?" the Judge demanded.

Mercy proceeded to tell the story of that eventful night, slowly, trembling, at first, but as she proceeded she gained courage, and her tones were convincing and resolute. As the horrible tale was unraveled, Art Urquart sat calm and immovable as before.

During the recital the court had become so still one could have heard a pin drop. The people seemed scarcely to breathe. For a time they were held spellbound, dazed with surprise and incredulity. When Mercy finished speaking they looked at one another helplessly wondering if they had been dreaming.

The counsel for the plaintiff made a pretense of cross-examining the witness, but her replies only strengthened the defendant's cause.

Art Urquart was put into the witness-box and he confirmed the girl's story.

The door opened, and a convict attended by a guard entered. Every eye was turned toward the man who wore the convict garb. His face was hard and bitter, and his eyes gleamed. He was in his full manhood, but his hair was streaked with gray. His head was thrown back with a defiant gesture. His manner was that of a man who believes that every man's hand is against him, and whose hand is against every man.

He took one brief glance at Art Urquart, then turned his eyes away.

Grace began to tremble and sob. One glance, however, had passed between herself and the convict, and that glance was full of love and trust.

The counsel for the defense asked Art Urquart to identify the convict.

"He is Jack Urquart, my father's eldest son," was the reply.

Counsel for the plaintiff interrupted.

"Did you not at the trial that sent this man to Kingston swear that he was not your brother, Jack Urquart?"

"I did."

"Did you also swear at the same trial that the plaintiff was your brother?"

"I did."

"Then you are guilty of perjury, either at that trial or the present?"

"I was guilty of perjury at the former trial."

"Are you aware that you are laying yourself liable to conviction on a serious offense?" the Judge interposed.

"I am not unconscious of the enormity of my crime, your honor. I have signed a declaration of my guilt."

The Judge seemed stunned, and murmured something about the cruelty of the crime, and the punishment that would be sure to follow.

"I am asking for no mercy, your honor. I have made a voluntary confession, and I am prepared to take the consequences. The convict yonder is Jack Urquart, my brother. Jack Heriot, the man who should wear the convict's garb, is there," and he pointed to where Heriot sat sullen and cowering, beside Blackburn.

Two women entered. One was tall and angular, her face aged and wrinkled, her hair white. She was Mrs. Heriot. The other wore the habit of a nun. She was Sister Rose.

The counsel for the defense rose at once.

"We have here two witnesses whose evidence must have a strong bearing on the case. One is the mother of Jack Urquart, the other the mother of Jack Heriot."

Amid a buzz of excitement, the nun was placed in the witness box. The veil was thrown back, and she was at once recognized as Mrs. Urquart. Her face was pale and anxious, but otherwise she was calm.

"Tell us which of these two men is your son, Mrs. Urquart?" counsel for the defense asked.

"They are both my sons," the nun replied. "The one in convict garb is Jack Urquart, my son by my late husband, the other is Jack Thurlow, my son by an unhappy marriage with Robert Thurlow."

Heriot brought his fist down with a bang.

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "She is trumping up the story for the sake of the white-livered scoundrel yonder," jerking his thumb toward where Art stood. "There's the old woman, too, turning against me like h—l!"

"For heaven's sake be still!" Blackburn whispered in his ear. The nun had left the witness stand, and Mrs. Heriot was about to be examined. Jack Heriot swore some terrible oaths, and exclaimed:

"It's all up with us, Blackburn! Here, gentlemen, I'll confess the truth like a man. I'm Jack Heriot."

"Let the sheriff take that man in charge," said the Judge sternly.

"Curse you!" shouted Heriot, shaking one fist at Art Urquart and the other at Blackburn. "It was you two that led me into this!"

"Let Mr. Blackburn be apprehended, also," the Judge ordered. "As for you, sir, I will see that you do not escape a well-merited punishment," leveling his cold gaze at Art Urquart.

The real Jack Urquart was liberated within the hour, and restored to the home of his boyhood and his wife.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WRECKED LIFE NEARS ITS END.

WHEN Art Urquart left the courtroom he looked neither to right nor left, but with bowed head turned his steps toward the little office in the mill yard. As he passed the groups of men and women talking excitedly on the street corners, no human being took his hand and gave him a friendly word.

A woman dressed shabbily, but with the light of content upon her placid features, hugged a crowing youngster to her heart. For a moment his face grew almost tender, then it became cold and set again.

It was one of the weak moments in a strong life. It was nature asking toll for his having alienated himself from the love and affection of his kind.

With bowed head, Art went on. At the next corner a group of men stood. Among them were those he had called friends since earliest remembrance, but they did not recognize him now. With a grim smile and a bitter heart he passed on and entered the office.

Old Nat brought Art's supper, as usual, but something in the pallid face made the old man uneasy. He had dandled Art on his knee when a little lisping child. The lunch stood on the table untouched, but the old man seemed loath to go.

Art Urquart lay back in an easy chair, and watched the bent figure of the old man as he tidied up the room. The table was put in order, the books restored to their rightful places on the shelves. Art watched him with a calculating eye. He was almost envious of the old man.

"You're a happy man, Nat," he observed.

"Yes, sir. I'm happy. Why shouldn't I be? I have always had a job, and I've never wanted for a bite or sup. God has been good to me, Mr. Art."

"And you will live for many years to come," said Art.

"If it pleases God, I will. But my three score and ten are almost up. I'll be 70 tomorrow.

"Seventy tomorrow, and still a young man." Art murmured, more to himself than to his companion.

"You see, sir, I'll soon be living on borrowed time; but I've no fear. God is good!" The old face beamed with a holy light. Art Urquart shuddered.

"You have grandchildren and great-grandchildren, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, I have, and thirty-four of them," was the proud reply. "And they are all lusty, and thrive well, thank the Lord!"

Several times the old man would rise to go, but each time the other would start some fresh topic of conversation. At last he understood that Art did not care to remain alone, and settled himself to remain.

As the hours dragged slowly by, Art Urquart's face grew haggard and terrible. His cheeks were livid, his lips white and drawn, and in his eyes a restless fire glowed. It was the quenchless fire of remorse.

The old man looked and shuddered. Many times he had seen death written on a living face, but not like this.

Nat spoke of a doctor, but the other would not listen.

"A doctor could do me no good. He could not minister to a diseased mind. My ailment is not physical. It will soon pass," he murmured.

The old man stood the strain for another hour.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind if I said a word of prayer?" he asked hesitatingly. "It all us helps me a deal."

"Pray away, Nat, I don't mind," he answered. "But it will do me no good."

"God is the great physician, sir. He can cure all sorts of diseases, if you only ask him. He would help you, I know."

A bitter laugh broke from Art Urquart's lips.

"What would you have me do, Nat? I thought you had a better opinion of me than that. I have served the devil all my life, Nat, and now when death is approaching, I can't offer God the devil's leavings."

Again a bitter laugh escaped him. The old man muttered something about the eleventh hour, but the other shook his head.

"I have reached the end of my rope. I can see the result of sin. But it doesn't matter," he said bitterly.

Old Nathan Porter prayed fervently. In his rough, untutored way he prayed God to spare the soul of the little child he had dandled on his knee. Art listened gloomily, but his voice never once joined in the petition to the throne of God.

The little clock on the shelf chimed the hour of three. Art Urquart went to the door and threw it open. The first faint streaks of the coming dawn was in the east. He stood framed in the doorway for a short time, then went to the table and took pen and paper and wrote for ten minutes. He folded the sheet carefully and placed it in an envelope, sealing it with care. Then he drew from his finger a diamond ring that sparkled in the lamplight, and laid it on the table. His gold watch and diamond studs were laid beside it. He looked at them long and thoughtfully. Old Nat began to get uneasy. Finally Art spoke:

"I have kept you a long time tonight, Nat. You have been good enough to stay and bear me company, but I will not detain you longer. You will need some rest." He took up the glittering ring and held it in his hand. "I am

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Name .....

Address .....

going to give you this ring, Nat. It will insure you against want in your old days," he added with a grim smile. "When you feel that you have labored long enough, and need a rest, sell this ring. It will bring you at least five hundred dollars. It is worth more; don't let it go for less. The watch is yours, also. I want you to wear it as long as you live. When your time comes, give it to your children, or you grandchildren." Again he smiled. "You will give this letter to Bennet, the foreman, at nine o'clock sharp. Then come to me here."

The old man looked dazed and incredulous, his lips parted to speak, but the other laid the watch and ring in his hand, and gently pushed him thru the door.

"Good-by, Nat! Don't forget what I have said; and be sure and come here at nine o'clock sharp," and he closed the door, and the key grated in the lock.

CHAPTER XXVI

FAITHFUL to his word, Nat delivered the note to the foreman at nine the next morning. Bennet opened it at once. He was just on the point of going to the office in search of Art Urquart. The letter was short and mysterious.

"When you read this, Bennet, you will be working for another master. You have always been faithful, and for that I thank you. Come to the office with Nat Porter, and all will be explained. Yours with regrets,

"ART URQUART."

"What does it mean, Nat? Have you seen Art this morning?"

"Not since four o'clock, sir. I stayed the night with him, and he was mighty queer. I'm afraid the trouble and disgrace have made him strange like," the old man replied.

Bennet started off at a brisk walk, and Nat followed close behind.

The office blinds were drawn, and the door closed. Bennet rapped loudly, but there was no response. Then he tried the door. It was unlocked, and he entered. On the table the electric lamp still glowed, and on the couch lay Art Urquart. Bennet thought him sleeping at first, but something in the expression of the face chilled him. He raised the blinds, turned off the light, and walked over to the couch. It was Art Urquart, not sleeping, but dead. He had died as he had predicted, on the fifteenth of September.

Within a month Heriot and Blackburn were tried and sentenced. Heriot received a sentence of fourteen years, seven for the old crime of highway robbery, and seven years for impersonation. Blackburn got five years for conspiracy.

Art Urquart was laid at rest in the graveyard beside his father. There were few to follow the dead man to the grave, and only one who shed a regretful tear over his bier. And that one was the one whom he had wronged the most cruelly—Mercy Fisher. Despite the wrong she had suffered at his hands she loved him still.

Every Sabbath morning while the dew was on the grass she brought fresh flowers and placed them on his grave, and on that of little Artie.

After long sorrow, Jack and Grace found happiness—a happiness and love made greater by suffering.

The End.

No Judge of Paintings.

The fourth Earl of Chesterfield was on one occasion at a grand assembly in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Suddenly the French writer accosted his lordship with the words:

"My lord, I know you are a judge. Which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

"Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no judge of paintings."

GRAY HAIR BANISHED

Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in 2 applications, stops falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write Kolor-Bak Products Co., 68 West Washington St., Dept. 733, Chicago, for free book and positive proof. •••

If a man doesn't repeat the cute things his baby says it's a sure sign that he hasn't any baby.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case. •••

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

MILK AND HONEY

By Frances Elizabeth Lanyon

[Copyright.]

"DO YOU think you can manage, Mr——?"

"Jim, ma'am; just plain Jim. Can I manage? I'm a gorger, ma'am, when I'm hungry, but that royal layout stumps me!"

"If you'll stay here and see that no one carries off the trunk, Mr.—James, I'll feel greatly obliged to you," said Priscilla Davis. She, but sprightly as a girl of 16 and just as pretty. "You see, I'm an old maid."

"Then I'm blind!" declared Jim, chivalrously.

"And this is my sister's former home. I'm moving her over to Somerset, and she has notified Mr. Sprague, who roomed here, that the trunk will be left here for him. He will call for it tonight or early tomorrow morning."

"Yes, ma'am, I understand," nodded the accommodating Jim. "Going to ride on the load? Hope you have a smooth journey. Fifty cents, a night's lodging, and milk and honey and a big loaf of home-made bread, all for toting a few pieces of furniture to that wagon—ma'am, you are a princess, and you wouldn't be an old maid, or a young one, either, down where I come from and where they appreciate such qualities and beauty."

But Miss Davis, blushing, laughing, full of spirit, waved the speaker adieu, and the wagon moved over the hill.

A harmless, ambitionless, nature-loving "tramp," the vulgar public classed him. Jim had happened along on his wanderings just in time to get a job. He was jolly, without being familiar; he was chatty, without being a bore. He was clean-minded and wideawake, and, old as he was, and shiftless as he was, had the fine sense to discern most estimable qualities in the fair woman who had treated him so kindly.

All there was to leave for his supper, she told him, was a quart bottle of milk, a cake of honey and a loaf of home-made bread. To the feast Jim now applied himself with appetite and speed.

"It's rich grazing, too rich!" groaned Jim, surfeited at last, and stretching out on the grass near the front porch, was soon asleep.

Now strange happenings were in the air that rare night of sweet sounds and hazy moonlight. About midnight Jim awoke. The sound of voices disturbed him. Dimly, he saw three men flitting before his vision.

"Nothing but the trunk, eh?" queried one of them.

"That's all; house seems deserted. I've tossed it in with the other plunder. It's a good haul for one night, pals, and Darby ought to be satisfied."

"Say," broke in other tones, "I'm dying of thirst. Can't we find a well about the old place?"

"We'll see. Get a drink and make for the city," put in a third voice, and the three men disappeared around the house.

"H'm!" muttered Jim, getting to his feet, "they're stealing the trunk. Yes, they've busted the front door open. And there's an automobile out in front. I think I guess the riddle. Drink and be merry, my friends, for you'll have a long, dusty walk before you!"

Jim chuckled as he made for the road, looked over the machine, chugging low and steadily. He took in its mechanism with a practiced eye, for he had once done some chauffeur work. Then he was in the seat. Gr-rr-up-zip! It started up like a mettled steed.

Jim had sized up the situation completely. The three men were city thieves on a looting expedition, apparently financed by one Darby. They had stopped at the village, the halt at the house Jim was guarding being merely incidental. Primarily all that Jim cared for was the rescue of the trunk, but, as he glanced into the rear seat of the machine and noticed various boxes and bags, he decided that he had done something of real importance in divesting the criminals of their means of tranportation and their booty.

Jim had a definite point in view as he whizzed down the smooth country road. He had gathered from what Miss Davis had said, the location of her new home. He had gone about fifteen miles when he observed a trim feminine figure coming down the road, clearly silhouetted in the misty moonlight. He slowed down with a jerk and peered forward with a stare.

Dimly Saw Three Men Flitting Before His Vision.

"I declare," he shot out briskly. "Oh, ma'am—please, it's me."

"Mr. James," warbled up the melodious tones of Miss Davis.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And in an automobile?"

"Borrowed, ma'am, that trunk and all. But you, ma'am?"

"The wagon broke down. It's just ahead. It will have to stay here all night. I was going back to the next village to stay until morning," explained Miss Davis.

"Why not go to your sister's, ma'am?" suggested Jim. "I'm a careful driver, being sober, ma'am. Besides, I want to get to some safe, sure place, for I'm thinking there's a lot of valuable stuff in that back seat of the machine, and we want to protect it."

The eyes of his interested passenger glowed with keen interest as Jim recited the story in detail. They expanded to their widest after they reached her sister's home. The trunk had not been opened. In the various boxes and bags they found a great mass of silverware, watches and the like. Obviously some jewelry store in the village had been burglarized.

"I think I guess out just what has happened," observed Jim, "and some one is probably worrying back there at Reedsville. If I may stow the automobile in that shed and sleep in it till morning, then I'll go back my tracks, and see what turns up."

Miss Davis was up and around when Jim awoke. She suggested that they telephone Reedsville. Their call brought back a vivid response. The main jewelry store of the town had been looted the evening previous and nearly $5,000 of its contents carried away.

Within two hours Roscoe Woods, a well-appearing, eager and anxious young man, the proprietor of the despoiled store, appeared in an automobile. He was overjoyed at the discovery that the entire plunder was intact. He had just started in business, and his entire capital was invested in the recovered goods. He insisted on pressing $100 on Jim. He selected a dainty brooch and asked Miss Davis to accept it, for, indirectly thru her, affairs had come about fortunately for him.

The police followed up the Darby hint. They located him as proprietor of a city gin palace and listed as owner of the automobile. To evade connection with the thieving gang he employed, however, Darby claimed that he had sold the automobile to a party he could not locate, palpably a lie, and Jim was left in undisputed possession of the machine.

Very proud was he, in a brand new suit of clothes, seated in his automobile and making a fair living as a taxi servant of the public. He chuckled serenely when he noticed that the young jeweler, Roscoe Woods, came to visit Miss Davis a second time, a third, then regularly.

And one day when he drove Roscoe up to the house, he noticed that his passenger took a look at a beautiful d'amond ring, and guessed the natural sequence of affairs.

"You dear man!" said Miss Davis, all aflush, as she prettily showed an engagement ring, a few days later, "I hope you never leave us. You have made everybody fortunate and happy all around."

"Me leave!" chuckled Jim, "when finding you has made me quite a nabob! No, indeed—more than ever do I see that I've struck a land flowing with milk and honey!"

We never see ourselves as we really are unless we have learned the lesson of humility.

Lack of Interest.

"HE ISN'T human!" declared the girl in the plaid skirt.

"I should say not!" chimed in the young woman in the striped suit. "He belongs to the genus iceberg, own cousin to the glacier family! And rude! Did you ever see fewer manners in your life? It's too bad because he isn't so awfully old——"

"Old? He's old as the hills! Mathusaleh was his pet uncle!" stated the girl with the dimple. "Why this college should take pains to pick out such a disagreeable person to teach such an important course is beyond me! You'd think they'd try to make the course popular! Why, I was just as busy as could be yesterday and yet I wasted time waiting after class to ask him to make several points clear to me and instead of being pleased, as he should have been if his heart was in his work, what do you suppose he said? Just drawled that if I couldn't comprehend perfectly clear descriptions nobody on earth could assist me to if and slapped his books together and went away! And I know why he was in such a hurry!"

"Why?" begged the chorus.

"H'm!" said the girl with the dimple. "I looked out of the window and he was just streaking it across the campus after that new teacher of English——"

"O-o-oh!" shrieked the girl in the plaid skirt, "why, she's awfully old! And look at her hair! She must be all of 28 or so. What can he see——"

"I think they're a very suitable pair," chimed in the young woman in the stripes, with a sniff. "Fossils, both of them! Why, that man wouldn't notice if you threw a bomb under his feet! Just as a matter of scientific investigation I wore to class the other day that new waist of mine from New York. And I certainly had a time getting out from under mother's eye with it on, let me tell you! She's so fussy about what I wear to school. I thought if he was in the least like other men he'd notice that. Well, he never even turned his eyes in my direction! It might just as well have been a potato sack. I believe he'd like a girl in an old piece of burlap just as well as if she had on a Paris gown. Not that——"

"Never," chimed in the girl with the dimple, "shall I forget that day last winter when I had the chair in front nearest him. I hated to think we might have been misjudging him, and I thought I'd give him a chance to show whether he did have any feeling whatever in him——"

"Oh, is that why you hung around him so all last quarter?" tartly demanded the girl in stripes. "Everybody was talking——"

"I! Hang around!" gasped the girl with the dimple. "I'd have you know I'm studying psychology and it is my duty to investigate any—er—queerness that develops in those about me. I certainly have no personal interest whatever in a man like that who wears ties that are painful. But, as I say, I gasped that I was going to faint, and, instead of jumping and grabbing me as I toppled, he sat perfectly still and said in a brittle sort of way to that awful freshman with the ears, 'Danvers, throw a glass of water over her!'

"I never was so disappointed in my life. I think it is dreadful to find that a man with a really good nose and chin like his is perfectly cruel and heartless. Not that I think him so especially good looking. I know loads of men who beat him in every direction——"

"He's impossible!" declared the girl in stripes.

"I consider him actually homely."

"There isn't a single fascinating trait in him——"

"Girls!" cried the young person in the Russian blouse, who just then burst into the room. "Professor Bluntt says he has an hour to spare and he'll go over all those points you seem to be puzzled about of late, if you care to come down to the library. And I heard him tell that new English teacher he had some of the most attractive students in his class and—my goodness! There must be a fire!"

She ran to the window after the drive had passed her and, looking out, saw a girl in stripes, a girl in plaid and a girl with dimples headed fiercely for the library.

"Why, they actually seem in a hurry to get there," she murmured. "I had no idea they were such deep students."

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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

THE YEARS OF FAITH

By Harold Carter

[Copyright.]

OF ALL the things that sat heavily on Robert Lomax's conscience his treatment of Lois Donaldson was the worst. And yet, oddly enough, his act had been the most spontaneous and the least calculated.

He had been on a hunting trip in the woods, and had gone out alone, against the advice of his guide. How his gun happened to be discharged he never knew, but it was fortunate that the accident occurred near old Donaldson's cabin.

Lois was seventeen at the time. Her only education had been that imparted to her by her father, an old scholar who had become a recluse and had chosen to bury himself in the heart of the forests. She heard the gun discharged and ran out, to find Robert weltering in his blood and barely conscious.

"He Is Working Hard," She Told Herself.

With simple remedies applied to his wounds the girl nursed him back to life. Her father was already in his dotage; he hardly recognized the stranger, and it was natural that the girl and the young man thrown together so much, should come to care for each other.

Robert was astonished to find, in the mountain girl, a lady. Lois was well educated, if not along the usual lines. Her manners were those of gentlefolk. Some said old Donaldson had been a big man in his day before he went to the woods to fight out some secret battle of the spirit there.

Robert told the girl of his ambitions, his position in the city, his prospects of wealth. And when he said that he loved her, she believed him as much as he believed himself.

"I shall come back a year from today and claim you, dear," said Robert, as he kissed her good-by.

And he meant it, for at seven and twenty a young man means all he says to a girl. It is only later that the cynicism arises. Robert meant to marry this girl who was so singularly in contrast with the women of his home city, artificial, for the most part, and attracted toward a young man of position with a secured income.

But two weeks after his return Robert had already forgotten the girl. A sudden turn of the wheel of fortune raised him from comfort to affluence. And he found himself engaged in a fight which would mean millions to him.

The fight was won, but, when it was won, Lois was long ago forgotten, except in those moments when conscience sat on Robert Lomax's heart.

The year passed into two, three, four—five. Donaldson had long ago gone to settle his problem in a place where perhaps a clearer light illumines things. And Lois waited with supreme faith in her lover.

"He is working hard," she told herself. "When he is ready he will return to me."

Her faith remained steady from year to year. On every anniversary she was up at six, cleaning the cabin, in order that it might be presentable for his appearance. And only when sunset came did a little despondency settle into her heart.

It was on the third anniversary that Robert Lomax married a society beauty of his native town. It was on the fourth that he realized his hopes of happiness were broken. His wife was heartless, she cared only for social life, she valued him only for his money.

When that was gone, what would happen to him? That was the question that Robert asked himself as his competitors, seeing the arrival of a master among them, banded themselves together against him. Robert lived at the office now. For more hours than a factory hand he struggled in the toils that they were weaving about him, and again and again he burst them asunder.

It was strange, but those hours when he sat at his desk, the telephone at his hand, were the hours when he began to think again of Lois Donaldson. He had not been into the woods since that time of his accident; now an overwhelming desire to see her again began to creep upon him.

But the months flew, and he put such a thought resolutely from him. His enemies had leagued themselves for a final effort. It was a struggle with millions at stake on either side. Robert was winning; but he made a mistake which abler men have made. He trusted a traitor. He was sold by a member of his staff. He arose in the morning many times a millionaire, he left the office with hardly six months' income ahead of him.

His hopes, his plans were shattered. Yet, singularly, his heart was lighter than it had ever been.

The house, which had cost a quarter of a million, was in his wife's name. That would provide for her. And for himself, he realized that the five years' struggle had been a nightmare.

He went home and broke the news to his wife. She was incredulous, then she became hysterical.

"You have dragged me down to pauperdom, Robert," she wept. "What shall I do? How am I going to hold up my head among my friends?"

All her thoughts were of herself and the wrong he had inflicted on her. Robert listened patiently; he did not blame her, for he had married her with a full understanding of her nature.

When he returned home the following evening, seeing his name in huge type in all the papers as that of a ruined man, he found his wife gone and only a letter. She was leaving him, she said. She could not endure to remain the wife of a man notorious for his failure. She was going to begin suit against him.

Robert paid over all he possessed. He sold the house and gave her the money. The suit, which was brought in a western State, remained uncontested.

And the day came when he was a free man, with hardly more to his name than the clothes he stood in. And in his heart was wild rejoicing, for the years seemed to have slipped away and—and it was just six since since he had left Lois Donaldson.

Lois, on the sixth anniversary, had swept her cabin with more than her usual care. The few neighbors, who had begun to settle in the little valley, knew of her romance; they pitied the girl, but blamed her for clinging to a foolish hope. "He will never come back," they told her.

"He will come back," said Lois. "You do not know how busy he is in the city. When he has made a lot of money he is coming back to take me away."

They watched her leave the clearing, shaking their heads as she walked thru the groves.

But this time, when the girl reached the edge of the forest, looking out across the hills, she saw Robert advancing. His step was free, his heart as light as on the first day of their love. For somehow he had felt assured that his journey would not be in vain.

He took her in his arms and kissed her gravely, and the faith in her eyes filled him with new faith in life.

"You have come to take me away, as I knew you would," said the girl.

He placed his arm about her. "No. I have come to stay," he replied.

* * *

Social Debts.

"DEAR," said Mrs. Westcott dramatically to her husband as she took the newspaper out of his hands to compel him to give his undivided attention to her, "we've got to entertain! That's all there is to it!"

"Well, why have we?" demanded Westcott.

"Why, I'm simply ashamed to look our friends in the face, and actually the Ruggleses and the Squires will think we are stingy! They've lived here nearly a year and I've never even had a luncheon in all that time! Think of it! And I receive invitations almost every day! But there's one comfort—I don't go any more! So I really don't owe a lot of people more than the invitation itself."

Westcott listened helplessly, trying in vain to catch a glimpse of the headlines in the newspaper that his wife held. "Yes," he said, in a most desultory manner, feeling in duty bound to make some remark in the pause.

"Yes, that's it!" went on Mrs. Westcott. "We'll entertain. We'll do something big, too! Come, help me plan!" She beamed on him as she threw the newspaper behind her, regardless of its landing on the floor

"But," remonstrated her husband, weakly, "these big affairs are—are rather an expense, aren't they?"

"Oh, why didn't I think of it before?" Mrs. Westcott asked, ignoring his remark. "There, they've been gone only two months and I've owed them something so long! I could have had it a week, say, after they sailed and——" She paused in rapt contemplation.

"Why, my dear," interposed Westcott, surprised by the peculiar trend of his wife's remarks. "You say you wish you could have given it a week after they sailed! I assume that you mean the Rankins. But why a week after they sailed. Why was that time any better than the present?"

"Why, you see," Mrs. Westcott gazed on him in pity for his lack of comprehension, "you see, I could have invited them!"

Westcott took a deep breath. He looked at his wife earnestly while his brain tried to fathom the mystery.

"You wanted to give it early so you could invite the Rankins to come to it a week after they sailed! Ah, yes! So clear—so—so—shall we call it lucid?"

"Oh, bother!" Mrs. Westcott impatiently exclaimed. "Why can't you understand things? I always have to explain everything to you! If I invited them then they'd owe me an invitation. I'd have paid what I owe them, but they couldn't come because they'd be sailing for Europe at the time."

Westcott eyed his wife in admiration. "Are you going to—to run the whole party on the same principle?" he queried, respectfully.

"Well, we'll issue about twice as many invitations as the house can hold," she explained, the fire of victory in her eyes. "There are the Browns. They're going to Florida this winter. I heard that they leave in about a week. That's five, for I'd have to have the girls, too." She looked at her husband exultantly.

"Oh, and there are the Warrens and the Smiths. They're going hunting together this fall somewhere up north and they'll be gone a month, I know! That's seven with Mr. Warren's sisters!" Westcott pulled out an envelope and put down the figures.

"Then there are the doctor and his mother. He told me the other day that she wasn't at all well and he thought he'd take a run out West to go with her to his sisters in California. I could invite them!"

"And there are the minister and his wife and his son and daughter," put in Westcott, with proper pride in his offering. "He's going to accept that church in Rochester. So we can invite them!"

Mrs. Westcott glanced at her husband to detect any fraud in his air of frankness, but he was adding the names to his list enthusiastically.

"There are twenty that can't come," he counted, finally.

Mrs. Westcott sighed a deep sigh of thanksgiving. "That's all right, then," she said. "Now, we'll just ask our own immediate friends in to tea that night and have a good time. That'll be eight or ten altogether—and, thank goodness, most of my obligations will be paid!"

Then she handed his newspaper to him smilingly.

* * *

Opening an Acquaintance.

"This is a promiscuous sort of neighborhood. For instance, we know nothing whatever about the people next door."

"But we soon will, dear. I sent Eliza in there this morning to borrow some baking powder."

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS

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FELLOW LODGERS

By W. E. Norris

If you ever lived in a lodging house anywhere get ready to have a good chuckle over this story for it is true of boarding house life the whole world over.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

ARTHUR BERTRAM, out of all patience, jumped up and rang the bell violently. For more than an hour the lady upstairs had been practicing violin exercises, and during the whole of that time he had been sighing, burying his head in his hands and distractedly rumpling his hair in the vain endeavor to put final polish on an article of which copy had to be delivered the next morning. Forbearance and courtesy must have limits, and, after all, when one takes rooms in the extremest outskirts of Bronxville, it is precisely in order to escape the hideous din of modern traffic, not in order to have one's nerves set on edge by the caterwauling of contiguous catgut. So when stout Mrs. Stone, his landlady, appeared, he said:

"Please present my compliments to Miss What's-her-name, and say that since she must scrape that accursed instrument at a time of night which is most inconvenient to me, I should esteem it a personal favor if she could manage not to play a quarter-tone flat."

He looked so agonized and so fierce that Mrs. Stone abstained from conciliatory words, tho anxious to utter them, and only said she would give Miss Foster the message. Bertram heard her creaking upstairs, heard her enter the room overhead, and then heard no more, for prompt silence ensued.

Well, if you are making a noise and are asked, no matter how rudely, to stop, you cannot very well go on. But none the less, was Gladys Foster furious. She had not been playing false; it was that grubby old penny-a-liner's accusation that was false, and it rankled. She had never seen Bertram (who, as a matter of fact, was neither old nor grubby); she had not been long established in the modest second-floor apartments which surmounted his more pretentious suite; all she knew about her neighbor was that he pursued literature as an avocation, and that he smoked a great deal. This latter circumstance afforded her an opening for the retaliation which self-respect demanded. When Mrs. Stone came to clear away her breakfast on the following morning, she said blandly:

"My compliments to the gentlemen downstairs, please, and since he must smoke at a time of night which is most inconvenient to me, I should esteem it a personal favor if he could manage to refrain from the use of common, coarse tobacco."

This time Mrs. Stone felt that she really must intervene. She had let lodgings for many years, and by means of tact had averted more than one threatened quarrel between the inmates of her restricted premises.

"Tact, miss," she began—for she was proud of possessing that quality and fond of inculcating it—"tact, you may depend, is what is wanted in an establishment like this. As I was saying to Mr. Stone only this morning, there must be give and take——"

"There will!" interrupted Miss Foster. "Be sure, Mrs. Stone, that I shall always give as much as I take, and perhaps a trifle more, so as to be on the safe side."

"Yes, miss, but——"

"Be so good as to deliver my message," said Miss Foster briskly.

Mrs. Stone withdrew. She was a little afraid of this very resolute and independent young lady, who knew the exact price of food, and whose eyes were quick to detect every speck of dust. On the other hand, she was not in awe of Mr. Bertram, who paid a much higher rent for his rooms, never examined the items in his weekly bill, and did not notice dust. Of the two lodgers it would certainly be less distressing to lose Miss Foster than Mr. Bertram; but why part with either? It was in the interests of both alike, not to mention her own, that Mrs. Stone decided to keep to herself certain remarks which fell from Mr. Bertram on the receipt of Miss Foster's counterblast. Naturally, a young gentleman does not like to be charged with using common, coarse tobacco. Neither would such a thoroly nice young man as Mr. Bertram like any lady to be told what he had said in the heat of the moment about her manners and veracity.

For the rest, Bertram, who, when not molested in the throes of composition, was good-humored enough, might have overlooked that insult about the tobacco if the form of its conveyance had not been so deliberately insulting. His own message, it was true, had not been too civilly worded; but then his grievance had been a genuine one, whereas Miss Foster could not really have been incommoded by his smoking with the door shut and the window open. So, altho for several nights in succession never a squeak from the fiddle upstairs vexed his ears, he did not forgive the fair fiddler, nor did he believe that she had forgiven him.

If it had been his privilege to be acquainted with Miss Gladys Foster, he would have been quite sure that she had not. Left an orphan, with a very small income, that typical feminine product of today had declined the offer of a home extended to her by anxious relatives, and had proclaimed her intention, as well as her entire capacity, to take care of herself. Hence the second floor in Bronxville, hence the nebulous projects of becoming a professional violinist and the more or less successful work as a miniature painter, combined with altogether successful play at golf and lawn tennis, and other kindred developments. Miss Gladys liked to describe herself as a bachelor girl, enjoyed a wide popularity amongst her congeners and passed for being—as, in the main, she was—a "good fellow." However, she could not endure to be told that she played out of tune, nor could she flatter herself that she had got quite even with

She Was Precipitated Down to the First Floor, and—Worst Humiliation of All—Was Picked Up by Mr. Bertram.

Mr. Bertram by her tautological retort. She practiced no more at night (because it is a sorry task to cast pearls before swine and be grunted at for your pains), but lest this abstention should be misconstrued into an act of surrender, it seemed good to her to assert in some unequivocal fashion her right to do what she pleased in her own rooms. One evening, therefore, she assembled half a dozen of her girl friends and encouraged them to engage in athletic contests on a small scale. They fenced with the fire-irons, which was great sport! They put on the gloves and had some merry bouts; they had a steeplechase on all fours which proceeded over cushions and other obstacles, which naturally resulted in croppers, screams, and much shrill laughter. The party broke up about midnight, and the hostess, rubbing her hands, wondered how the old curmudgeon downstairs had liked that.

He disappointed her by dispatching no overt protest, but on the following evening, just as she was settling down to serious study of a work on missal painting in the Middle Ages, there arose from below such an uproar that she was fain to drop her book and thrust her fingers into her ears. She had not until then been aware that Mr. Bertram owned a piano, but it seemed he did, and that somebody else possessed a cornet, while a third person could thump a drum at irregular intervals with a vigor worthy of better employment. This was terrible; but it was almost worse when the revelers began to sing. There were choruses, there were solos, there were outbursts of full-throated masculine hilarity, compared with which the poor little efforts of Miss Foster's girl friends had been but a whisper. The hubbub, too, was prolonged until a much later hour than hers had been, and when at length it ceased she had to acknowledge, as she lay with her mortified head smothered beneath the bedclothes, that she had been over-trumped.

Of course, either she or Mr. Bertram would have to go. It was hateful to own defeat, but it was impossible to dwell any longer under the same roof with a double-distilled brute. It might not be impossible, tho, to inflict some punishment upon him. The outcome of protracted reflection during breakfast the next morning was that she decided to take the opinjon of a solicitor with whom she was acquainted, and she was about to set forth on that errand when she spied the disturber of her peace emerging on the landing beneath her. The steep, narrow staircase was rather dark, so that she could not see him very distinctly; but she received the impression that his shoulders were shaking, as with silent laughter, and what was more natural than that she should at once toss up her chin? Natural, but, under the conditions, unwise, and poor Miss Foster's pride was promptly followed by the proverbial fall. She missed the first step, clutched wildly at the banister, which eluded her grasp, and was precipitated down to the first floor, bumping her head, losing her hat, and—worst humiliation of all—being picked up by Mr. Bertram, who hoped, in accents of deep concern, that she was not much hurt.

Save for a few contusions, she was not hurt at all, but she was dazed, shaken and dreadfully afraid that she might be going to cry. How it came to pass that she found herself reclining in Mr. Bertram's armchair, with a bottle of salts in one hand, and a tall glass of something strong in the other, she could not afterward have explained; but there she was, and as soon as she felt sure of being able to control her voice, she said:

"Sorry to have behaved in such an idiotic way. Where's my hat?"

"Close beside you; but please don't stir until you feel a little better," answered the young man considerately.

She noticed that he was a young man, and a slim, trim, good looking young man to boot. She may also have noticed upon his face a reflection of the surprise which she could not help displaying in her own; for he had pictured Miss Foster to himself as a plain-featured, big-limbed virago, whereas the small person who was doing him the honor to occupy his chair had the bluest eyes, the whitest teeth, and the most charming bronze-colored hair that he had ever beheld in all his days. He was to find out presently, tho, that her speech could be a good deal less engaging than her aspect.

"I need scarcely tell you," she began, after swallowing a mouthful of the restorative, and handing him the glass with a grimace, "that I did not plunge down two flights of stairs, head first, for the pleasure of introducing myself to you; but, since we have met, I should like just to say that I thought your message of the other day rather clumsily discourteous. Altho I am anything but a first-rate violinist, it so happens that I am never—all my masters have remarked it—never off the note."

"Aren't you?" asked Bertram suavely. "Then let me hasten to withdraw. It so happens that I never, never smoke cheap tobacco; but such details are very unimportant. I trust that you have not been annoyed again since you remonstrated."

"I can't say that I have observed any smell of smoke since," Miss Foster reluctantly conceded. "Of course there have been other—disturbances."

"Not of my creating, surely! You can't allude to your own—was it a military review?"

"I allude to you—I'm afraid I can't think of any name for last night's horrors."

"Oh, my little concert? I thought perhaps you, being musical, would enjoy that. Tetrazzini and Scotti threw me over at the last moment—just like them! But I daresay you recognized Caruso's voice. It's a rather penetrating one."

"It penetrated all right," answered Miss Foster dryly. "So did the orchestra. I have an impression that that sort of thing is actionable; but, not being quite sure, I am just going to see my lawyers and find out."

"Ah, don't!" pleaded Bertram gently. "I should hate to think of your running up a lawyer's bill over a matter which might be so much more pleasantly and inexpensively settled out of court. Wouldn't the case be met by a full apology on my part and adequate damages—say fifty dollars down? Then we might shake hands."

A little against her will, Miss Gladys began to laugh. "I don't want your fifty dollars," she answered, "but I am willing to accept your apology and shake hands if you will promise not to do it again."

Her hand was instantly grasped, and was rather needlessly retained while Mr. Bertram gave the required pledge. He could do so with all the more readiness, he said, because he would be under no temptation to repeat his offense. "In point of fact, I shall very soon be clearing out of this."

"Oh!" said Miss Gladys; and why an announcement which ought to have been so welcome should have had a suddenly chilling effect upon her is one of those obscure psychological problems which defy analysis.

"Yes," Bertram went on complacently. "I've had an unexpected stroke of luck. I heard this morning that I had been appointed editor of a rather important magazine, and, as this will mean considerable increase of income, I think I shall have to set up a house of my own."

Of course, such purely personal affairs could not interest Miss Foster, who was at a loss to imagine why she should be informed of them. She rose and said: "Well, good morning. Thank you for picking me up. Also for the pick-me-up."

Bertram opened the door for her, extended his hand again; but perhaps she thought once was enough, for she did not seem to notice the gesture.

It was really very odd—or at any rate Gladys thought it so—that the fellow lodgers, who had never before met face to face, should after this have been perpetually encountering one another on the stairs. It seemed as if she could neither leave nor return to her rooms without coming across Mr. Bertram, and as he was so shortly to depart forever out of her sight and her life, there was no reason why she should not stop and engage in the brief conversations for which he always appeared to be eager. Nor was there now any reason for denying that he was a pleasant, likeable sort of man, as men go. Furthermore, he had plenty of common sense; which was evidenced by his thirst for advice and docility in accepting it with regard to household economy and furnishing—subjects upon which the com-

petent Miss Foster loved to dilate. The conversations tended to prolong themselves; sometimes (for there were questions relating to the removal of bookcases and pictures which could not be answered without personal inspection) they led to Miss Foster's spending a little time on the territory of her former foe. At the end of a fortnight Mrs. Stone beagn to smile and wag her head in an extremely knowing manner.

"Tact," said she to her husband, a heavy, taciturn person who earned a little as an occasional waiter, and hibitually minded his own business, "tact, as I always tell you, Stone, will move mountains. If it hadn't been for me—but there! I leave you to judge. Look at them too—ready to fly at one another's throats, as you may say, the other day, and this morning he was sending flowers up to her. Mark my words, Stone, more'll come of this than what you think."

"I don't think nothing about it, Maria," answered Mr. Stone, which was doubtless true.

But he had a pertinent comment to make when, a few days later, his wife skipped triumphantly into the kitchen with the announcement that all was happily settled.

"They're to be married in a month! I had it from her own lips, and I says: 'Well, my dear,' I says, 'you owe everything to me. I don't mind you're knowing now,' I says, 'that 'twas me as put him up to raising that awful shindy after you come near to bringing the ceiling down on his head. For, mind you,' I says, 'them as can look a little for'rard knows that the next best thing to peace is war.' And Miss Foster, she says, 'You're a wonderful diplomatist, Mrs. Stone,' says she."

"You may be that, Maria," observed Mr. Stone, removing his pipe from his mouth; "but what strikes me is this: If all you get by tact is to lose your first floor and your second at one go, why you might in future do more justice to yourself and me if you was to give tact a good long rest.".

Queer Ideas.

"LAST night," related Odsfish, "I took my wife to the Music Hall to hear Harold Conyngham Gashpaw, the celebrated author, deliver his lecture on 'The Wit and Humor of the Dictionary.' I have read all Gashpaw's books and think him one of the greatest writers of the time, but never again will I be able to enjoy reading him.

"As a lecturer he is the worst frost that ever wilted the early vegetation. He is so awkward that he's always getting tangled up with his feet, and when he makes a gesture he knocks something over. He talks so fast that his words all run together, and his voice sounds like a $9 phonograph. Everybody felt sorry for him, and wondered why his guardian lets him run loose that way.

"I'll never be able to read a book of his without picturing him in my mind as I saw him last night It's a strange thing that men are seldom willing to stick to the things in which they excel. The shoemaker abandons his last to murder music, and the tinsmith would rather amputate whiskers than mend a roof. Every time Gashpaw delivers his lecture he spoils a lot of hearty admirers."

"Idiocy of that kind is as common as dandelions," said G. Camboge. "A few years ago there died a United States Senator of worldwide reputation. He was conspicuous for his sanity on all public questions. He was one of the greatest lawyers the West ever produced. Yet his friends were always trembling thru fear that he would yield to his mania for writing punk poetry, make himself ridiculous and ruin a great career.

During his leisure hours he wrote the silliest, sloppiest, poetry that anybody ever saw. His wife and other members of his family had to be eternally vigilant to keep it out of the press. One of his poems managed to pass the guard and was printed in the newspapers of his State, with his name attached, and it was so bad that it set even the school children haw-hawing. It was so wretched that people wouldn't believe the great man wrote it, and that was all that saved him.

"His mail had to be censored by his wife to keep him from sending original poetry to his correspondents. This sounds like a fairy story, but it is absolutely true.

"It is because of this queer crank in human nature that the world is filled with misfits. I believe that nearly every person born into the world has some talent or gift that might make him a pronounced success if he made the most of it. But if a young man has a natural skill in mechanics it is safe to say that he will want to be a bum musician or a fourth rate actor. I know an auctioneer who might have drawn a princely salary as a lion tamer.

"You can't throw a brick without hitting two or three men who want to quit the job they can do well and undertake the job they will make a botch of."

THEIR AWAKENING

"YES," said Mrs. Lennox. "You are right. They have changed." And she looked up. "You know when Tom first went to Camp Grant things were quite different. I remember the day Tom left she met me on the way home from the depot.

"'Tom's gone, ain't it awful?' was her greeting, and I believe that did as much as anything else on earth to get my grief toward the subsiding point.

"'Ain't what awful?' I asked as nonchalantly as tho I had just come home from seeing Tom inaugurated President of the United States. 'Ain't what awful?' I repeated.

"'That Tom has to go to war.'

"'Where should he go when his country's at war?' I returned. 'Is there any better place?'

But my sarcasm was lost on her and in my own heart anger was slowly conquering grief. It certainly made me sore all over to think that people like them, who landed in this country with nothing at all only a little while ago and now ride around in an automobile, should still think that Germany existed.

"'No, of course not,' she answered, 'but it seems a shame to send all our fine young men over in the trenches to fight England's war.'

"Then I do believe I arrived at the boiling point," continued Mrs. Lennox as she laid down her Red Cross sock. 'Look here,' I said to her. 'I want to hear no more about this nonsense of England's war. This is America's war. This is your war and my war, and I hope you'll understand it.'"

"And what did she say to that?" questioned Mrs. Lennox's friend, who had come over to sew for the afternoon.

"She simply told me: 'Well, I hope he'll get enough to eat. They say the food's fierce up at Camp Grant. And, too, I hear the officers are awfully mean to the drafted men.'

"I went into the house and left her on the back porch. It was a full month before Tom got home from Camp Grant, and, believe me, he was proud of his uniform. I told him what Mrs. Felder had said about the food at Camp Grant and about her other insinuations.

"'Why don't you go over to the Felders',' I said to him, 'and give them a little information on Camp Grant and things in general.'"

"'You don't hear me kicking about the food,' he said. 'The only trouble is that there's so much of it and it's so good that the fellows are apt to get indigestion.'

"However, Tom did see Mrs. Felder, because she came over to look at him. 'You look fine in your new uniform,' she told him.

"'Why shouldn't a fine-looking guy look good in anything Uncle Sam puts on him?' asked Tom.

"'I brought you over something to eat,' continued Mrs. Felder. 'Here's a pie and a sausage and a roast chicken—something substantial that you can eat when you get hungry up at the camp.'

"'Thanks, awfully,' Tom answered, 'but you ought to send that over to your relations in the old country, who are probably starved while we are overfed.'

"Along about that time an agent from the Department of Justice dropped some carefully chosen words where they would have the greatest effect on the family and its unkind attitude toward the United States. Tom had made the complaint. It helped, too.

"One day Nick Felder came home. He's the oldest, a lad of 16. He'd enlisted in the Navy. Well, there was great weeping and gnashing of teeth in his family. It was still a shame that England would drag everybody in the world into the war. It was a shame that the Navy would accept a youngster of 16. It was a shame that people of German blood should be permitted to fight against their own people, and so on and so on until the youngster himself woke them up from it.

"'What do we care about England or Germany or Ireland?' he said. 'There's only one country, and the initials of its first name are U. S. A. I'm going to be called to the Great Lakes Training Station some time this week and if everything goes well I'll be out at sea in six months hunting for the scalp of the Kaiser.'

"It was the youngster's patriotic speech that finally woke them up.

"'Well,' Mr. Felder answered, 'perhaps you are right. Germany didn't do much for us except kick us out and the United States took us in.'

"Righto!" said Nick. 'And I don't want any briny deep stuff when I go to Great Lakes, and I don't want any briny deep stuff if I get killed at sea. Remember, it's all for the cause.'

"Well, would you believe it, the youngster was called to the Great Lakes, and before he was there four months he got pneumonia and died. He had a regular military funeral and the Felders were as proud as they were grief-stricken.

"But the end is not yet," continued Mrs. Lennox. "Mr. Felder, Sr., has joined the home guard, and the whole family look down on us because Tom was drafted, instead of having enlisted in the Navy the way Nick did."

"There's no telling where it will end, is there?' said the neighbor. "It's just a question of some people locating their sympathies in this war——"

"Or having them located for them," interrupted Mrs. Lennox as she took up her Red Cross sock.

Home Talent.

"IT'S a peachy moon, but if you insist on having your fevered soul charmed with music, why of course I'll take you in," says the young man, agreeably, as he follows the girl into the parlor where the home talent concert was to take place.

"They need an advertising manager, that's a cinch," he comments, glancing around the room.

"First number on the program a dance," he continues, "and that's she in the pale green, I bet you seven to three.

"Yup—and what do you know about the toe dancing! Say, I can do that. You never saw me, did you? Well, I taught it at college—when I had a gym class, you know. No, we didn't call it that, particularly, but we did all the exercises. And maybe I haven't got the system! The only thing is, I haven't got an appropriate gown unless I wear my graduation gown.

"Say, gaze at the prima donna! She's some star, all right. See her get ready. She could fill a football on that wind.

"That was M. or maybe H. she took that time. It's Greek opera, I gather. That's where my training comes in. I bet there's no one else here who can catch the language it's in.

"What do you think of her execution?" He turns inquiringly to his companion. "Oh, I thought so; you're in favor of it, too." He nods appreciatively. "It'll be a great execution."

"Did you know we're to be treated to a violin?" he asks, sotto voce. "I'm crazy about it, violently. That's the artist over there. I can tell by his eyes and his ears. The last time I heard one a lady came over and sat down beside me, after it was all over, and asked me if my music wasn't my whole world. She took me for the artist, you see. That's what made me crazy about it, and I fear I'll never get over it."

The violinist tunes up his instrument. "Sounds like Wagner. Fine technique!" the young man exclaims, so that people turn to see who is speaking, and the girl blushes, while she glances appreciatively at him.

"Now he's beginning. Open your soul to the heavenly melody, for it's what we've come for." The young man slides down in his chair and stares into the eyes of the violinist rapturously.

"Everybody's looking at you," giggles the young woman beside him. "Do sit up and behave!"

"It's plain to be seen you have no keen love for music," replied the young man in an injured tone. "Now you've taken the spell away.

"Wouldn't it be something to do if we keep track of the times he's off the key? You know, I have a theory to the effect that people would get a lot more real good out of things like this, if they'd go at it systematically. Now, according to the way I last heard that song, he's fallen from seven-eighths to nine-tenths off the key every time he trembles on that tearful strain at the top.

"When you understand music you know that they do that on purpose; it makes your hearers sit up and take notice. It's on the principle of playing a scale up to the last note. You know that a real music lover will climb a stone wall to strike the last note, to finish it. So an audience will listen to the painful end, waiting for the artist to strike the missing tone right. Now, you listen, and I'll bet he'll hit it right on the mark before he's done.

"Here the Greek opera again! Say, this is too much for my emotions. Gee, if I weren't so modest! But, honestly, I can sing Latin, and after the ice cream is passed I'll volunteer."

I WAS A HEAVY DRINKER

Consumed Quart of Whisky Every 24 Hours

VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat to get spirits. For long periods I would average to drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily. Often some mixed drinks and beer, too.

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became a burden upon all except saloon keepers, who cheerfully took my money for poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless "booze fighter." **Various "Cures,"** pledges, etc., did me no good. But now I have a joyous message for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of Demon Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found something wonderful. It saved my life. **My health was quickly restored.** I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the **accursed alcohol.** I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee, buttermilk and other non-alcoholic liquids; the **craving** for liquor ceased, I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well, and I **recovered** from other **ailments** which were no doubt due to my **indulgence** in drink.

Drink Habit

It was done in 3 days; if I had relied upon will-power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has **no will-power while drinking.** I rejoiced so greatly in having found true relief that I decided to devote a part of my life to helping remove the curse from others and my success has been marvelous. Many are saved from the drink habit because they desire to get rid of it forever and others who do not have any will-power left are rescued **without their knowledge** by loving wives, mothers or friends, through secret method explained. The after-effect of getting rid of drink habit gives energy throughout the entire body; the mind, memory and will-power may be **greatly strengthened.**

I tell facts in my book mailed **FREE** if you write me and rely upon my integrity. Think of it; **a complete and delightful victory over drink habit between Friday and Monday**—or any other 72 hours. **FOR MEN AND WOMEN.**

FREE BOOK

My book will be sent you in plain wrapper promptly, postpaid. It tells of my career and the wonderful method, and gives valuable information. Not a temperance lecture, but a satisfying means of conquering drink habit. No other book like it. Correspondence strictly confidential; plain envelope used. Write to

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Try it. It will pay you to try. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us, and inclose 4 cents in stamps, for packing, postage, mailing, etc.; we will then send you the beautiful set of "movie" stars' photographs on postcards, which we know you will appreciate.

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For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Stitch It Now.

MENDING is not a burdensome thing if taken in hand at the beginning of the trouble. It is like everything else taken in time. The reason that it has become such a detestable thing in the sight of most of us is that it seems such an insuperable task. We wait until the hem is all out or the heel in the stocking is a complete hole, and then we start to repair.

The thing to do is to grab for a needle and some thread the minute you discover the least signs of trouble. Perhaps you have detected a button which is hanging rather perilously by a few worn threads. Perhaps you have found a tiny rip in your stocking which, if you don't take care of immediately, will become a wild run up the ladder. Perhaps you suspect that the hem in a certain place is a trifle insecure; the time to mend is then and there.

Mending done in the nip of a thing will more than save nine stitches; it will save hours of time and patience and your clothes besides.

Indian War Bonnet.

EVERY little boy likes to play Indian and is proud of a head ornament made of feathers. He would be still prouder if he could say to his playmates, "My mother made my head ornament." This is how to make one and it is prettier than one you can buy: Obtain large chicken feathers and sew on a strip of cloth just long enough to go around the head. Then sew a colored strip of cloth on the outside to make the ornament attractive.

Ribbon Uses.

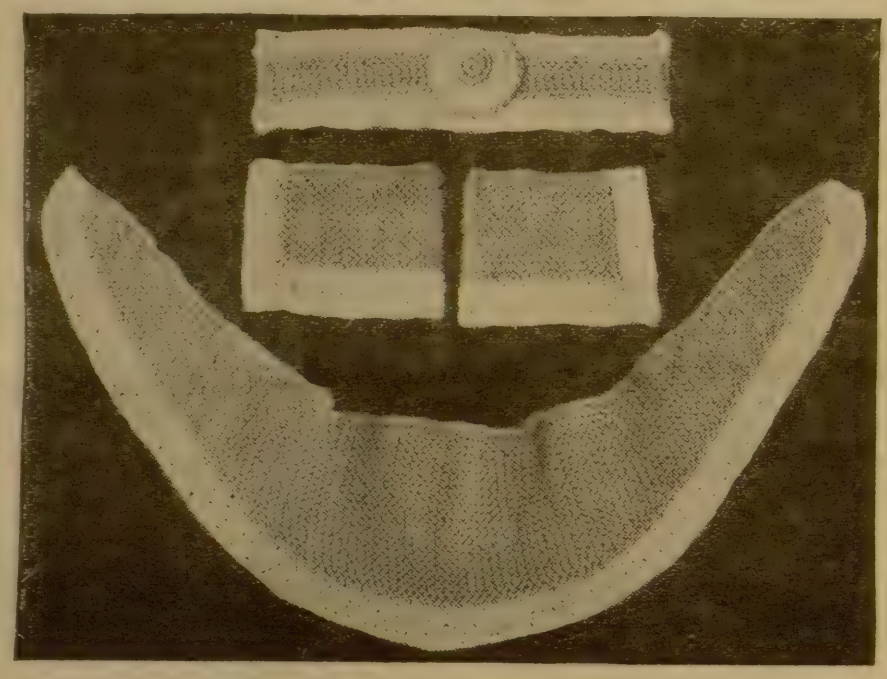
RIBBON is taking the places of many materials, and beautifully, too. There are knitted ribbon hats, ribbon plumes, and now comes a sweater knitted of yellow baby ribbon with delightfully fringed pockets and sash.

Mend Runs.

STITCH up the runs on a sewing machine. By using this method they will not show as much as when done by hand. The mending, furthermore, will prove permanent.

Knitted Collar, Cuffs and Hat Band.

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.



THESE accessories for a sport suit are the most popular this season. Knitting is considered the most commendable pastime. Articles used for trimmings are both economical and practical. This set is made of the wool substitute cotton, this yarn is woven to imitate wool in size, finish and twist, it knits evenly and smoothly and gives one very effective trimmings. At the same time the worker feels that patriotic satisfaction, that she is answering the call of the Government, for we are requested to conserve the wool of the country for the soldier's needs. The colors and combinations are a matter of choice, as this cotton comes in a variety of shades and many charming combinations can be selected.

The model is made of old rose for the body and light pink for the trimmings. White is very pretty for edging pink, blue, turquoise, yellow, lavender or gray, Khaki also combines well with the bright shades for trimmings. One large hank of the dark shade for the body and two small balls for the trimmings are required. No. 5 aluminum knitting needles and a size 5 bone crochet hook, one wooden button mold, completes the materials.

Of the body shade cast on 5 sts, knit 1 rib, * on next row, add 1 st, knit 2 ribs, repeat * twice, always adding the extra st on the same side, then * add 1 st, knit 3 ribs, repeat * until you have 22 sts on the needle or the depth of the back of the collar (it can be deeper if desired) knit 32 ribs straight, then decrease as you increased until but five sts remain on the needle, bind off. Lift 1 st of each row for the entire length of the collar, including both ends. Fasten the trimming shade, knit one row plain. Next row: * knit 1, purl 1, repeat * for this row. On the next row: make knit over purl and purl over knit, continue for 6 rows, then bind off loosely, knit 1, bind off, purl 1, bind off, completing collar.

For the cuffs, of the dark shade, cast on 42 sts, knit plain for 14 ribs, fasten the trimming shade, knit plain 1 row, then repeat the collar border across the top of the cuff, bind off, turn and pick up one st on each row of the side of cuff, repeat the border. Repeat for the opposite cuff.

The Hat Band, of the body shade, cast on 5 sts, knit the length required, bind off. Take up every st along one side and knit 1 row plain, then knit 1, purl 1, for 2 rows, bind off, repeat for the opposite side of the band. Sew the ends together and over this seam place the button. Of the dark shade, make 3 ch sts, join forming a circle:

First row—7 s c into circle.

Second row—* 2 s c into first st, 1 s c into next st, repeat * break thread, fasten the light shade.

Third row—1 s c into each st.

Fourth row—* 2 d c into first st, 1 d c into next st repeat *, break thread, fasten dark shade.

Fifth row—1 s c into each st, continue for 2 rows, then decrease rapidly to close over the mold, break thread.

The same band made longer makes a very pretty belt.

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2d ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Do tr cr, same as tr cr, only thread 3 times over hook.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts, together form 1 gr.

To Fasten Ends.

A MESSAGE has been issued to knitters of socks by Mrs. Henry B. Coxe of the Pennsylvania-Delaware division of Red Cross to "keep the knots out of the soles." A knot produces a blister on a soldier's foot which may become infected and produce blood-poisoning. The way to join two ends of wool without knotting them is to thread one end thru a darning needle and run it up for five inches thru the center of the other end of wool and continue to knit.

When Cutting Fur.

WHEN cutting fur never use scissors; use a razor or very sharp penknife to cut thru the skin at the back.

Smart Fichus.

THE new fichus, to be smart, must have streamers long enough to cross in the back and tie there in a butterfly bow.

Darning Tip.

WHEN underlaying and darning a sleeve, where you are apt to catch the under side of the sleeve, slip a piece of stiff glazed paper into the sleeve. You can then work freely and feel sure that your needle will not catch thru the paper.

Knitting Suggestions.

IN KNITTING a sock the beginner finds casting stitches on the dangling needles very confusing. Try this way, which is far easier: Cast all the stitches, say sixty, on one needle, then knit off twenty on each of the other needles and proceed.

Dinner Gowns.

BLACK tulle, embroidered silk net, thread lace and other kinds of lace flounces are among the first French fashions for dinner gowns.

Party Bag for Girl.

THE daintiest reticule in the world for a little miss to carry with her party frock of filmy net or ruffled organdy swings from the arm on a ribbon loop and is supposed to hold one's handkerchief and powder puff—for even very young ladies, indeed, these days take the shine off their little noses with talcum and a wee bit of lambswool. It is quite permissible even in public.

The little party reticule is pansy-shaped; the pansy petals made of gathered ribbon, palest in color. In the center are three tiny roses made of white, pale pink and deeper pink ribbon of narrow width, and a little silver leaf is tucked in by way of a natural effect. Both sides of the bag are alike and the inside is smoothly lined with pale pink silk.

For the Layette.

ONE of the loveliest gifts to the layette of a July baby was a quilted coverlet of thin, soft silk in pink and white. The coverlet was hand made and the dainty quilting represented some patient work on the part of the giver, but so beautiful was the little coverlet that then and there every woman who saw it determined to copy it for the next baby she had to remember.

Could Do No Less.

"Does Mrs. Dubwaite object to your using profanity?"

"Well," replied Mr. Dubwaite, with a thoughtful air, "she used to object strenuously when I addressed a few appropriate remarks to our motor car on the occasion of a breakdown fifty or sixty miles from the nearest repair shop, but she permits me to express myself rather freely regarding the Kaiser."

Presence of Mind.

The Irishman sought the manager.

"Sure, and I was so sick yisterday that I couldn't come down to work."

"Well, then, how was it that I saw you on your bicycle in the morning?"

"Sure, sir, and that must have been when I was going for the doctor."

The Lost Heart.

"I've lost my heart to a girl I don't know. I merely see her downtown sometimes. What shall I do?"

"You might advertise it in the 'Lost and Found' column and see if that brings any response."

Wouldn't You Like to Get Rid of That Catarrh?

Well, here is your opportunity. I am going to give away, during the next ten days, two thousand packages of Gauss Combined Treatment to those who need it, and if you want relief, sign the coupon at the foot of this notice, and the free package will be forwarded to you at once by parcels post.

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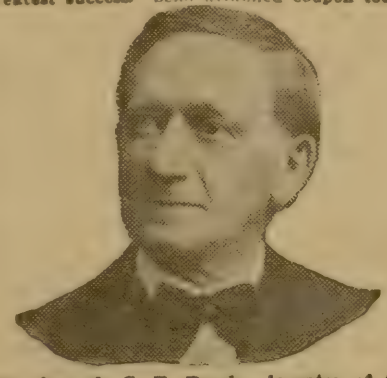

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WAITING

By Mrs. Alvah Gordon Garth

[Copyright.]

"GOING home, Livingston?"

"With fear and trembling."

"Because——?"

For answer Royce Livingston took out his memorandum book. He pointed to a page. It was a record of auto hire, suppers, theater parties and haberdashery. It footed up two hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Ned Griscom puckered his lips to a low amazed whistle.

"Pretty steep, eh?" questioned Royce, his brief laugh full of assumed indifference. "I don't know what my Aunt Marcia will say to it, but I've got to tell her. My creditors will wait just one week into the vacation. Then—action."

"Act how, now?"

"Notify my aunt, and then a row, I can tell you! For I have overdrawn my allowance every month of the present term."

"She must like you, Livingston."

"I'm all she has in the way of relations, and a poor specimen, I'm free to say. Dear woman! She's cared for me ever since her sister, my mother, died. Never a scolding word—sweet, patient, self-sacrificing—oh, I'm a cad, I am!" and Royce strode away, hating himself.

He had reason to say "dear woman," for Aunt Marcia had been a veritable mother to him. The worst of it was, it struck him, she was positively proud of him. His juvenile peccadillos she had never chided. As he grew older and some of his wild capers came to her notice, she passed them by as the evanescent and unavoidable ebullition of growing manhood. Royce felt thoroly ashamed of himself.

"I'll cut it all out. I'll amount to something and be a credit to the family name," he resolved. "When I get home I'll tell the whole miserable story of my folly and extravagance to Aunt Marcia and turn over a new leaf, strictly."

Royce was not destined to see his aunt when he arrived at Ferndale the next morning. The old family servant met him at the door and greeted him with genuine pleasure in her face. She was Mary Barker, true as steel to her mistress and loyal to all of her kin.

The house was in sterling order, a royal breakfast lay spread, specially prepared for one, and he obviously the honored guest. When she showed him later to his room he found it newly furnished, a box of cigars on a stand, everything accessible for comfort and luxury, a check on his dressing table for one hundred dollars and beside it a little stack of paper slips inclosed by a rubber band.

They were his college bills, and all marked "Paid." A little note said: "Enjoy yourself after your hard term. I shall not see you today, as I am confined to my room." Royce was overcome. Not a word of reproach, the way cleared for perfect freedom from care or annoyance. He swallowed a big lump in his throat and registered a renewed solemn vow to mend his reckless ways.

But youth is youth and loneliness a bore, and towards afternoon Royce got tired of reading and strolling in the garden and lounging about.

"I hope my aunt isn't sick, Mary," he remarked to the old servant.

"Oh, bless you, now!" was promptly responded. "You see, this is the twenty-eighth."

"Of what?" demanded Royce bewilderedly.

"Of June. Why, don't you know? Oh,

They Were His College Bills.

I've put my foot in it! I thought——" and Mary darted away, flushed and discomposed.

"A mystery here!" soliloquized Royce, and then forgot all about it when he reached the village billiard room, met some old village chums, went to a traveling show that happened to be in town, and started for home at nearly midnight.

A night key had been trustfully left on his dresser by his confiding aunt, and Royce counted on getting to his room quietly. When he came to search for it, however, he found that he had lost it somewhere from his pocket. He recalled old boyish days and a certain low window at the rear of the house. Royce started around the wing. Then he halted in sheer amazement. He had never known its upper room to be occupied. It had been kept always locked up. It was occupied now. A shade at an open window was fluttering in the strong night breeze and he could see plainly into the lighted room beyond.

A remarkable picture met his perplexed vision. His aunt sat in the center of the room. She was arrayed in the garb of a bride. Veil, wreath, dress, filmy, almost eerie-like, she was garbed as if for a wedding ceremony. Except that the delicate filaments of apparel were old, yellow, in places frayed out and torn, she might be a bride awaiting the call to the altar.

She sat rigid, tho graceful, her set, sad eyes, her whole pose one of expectancy, as tho each moment she anticipated the arrival of her bridesmaids. Then the curtain flapped close and the strange, startling picture was shut from view. Royce rubbed his eyes; he marveled. He reached his room by the old surreptitious route. Then he lay awake, groping vainly in his mind for a key to this uncanny mystery.

His aunt greeted him at the table next morning, her old gracious, kindly self. She was still a beautiful woman, under forty, and not a trace on her face that she had been keeping a weary vigil that surely commemorated some vivid event in the long gone past.

And for the first time that afternoon Royce learned of the romance in the life of his aunt. Ten years ago she had been engaged to a man named Rolfe Gregory. The marriage day was set, the evening arrived. She was all ready for the ceremony, when a note arrived from Gregory. He bade her farewell forever—he could not marry her. He would love her to the end of life, but a great barrier had been raised against all future happiness.

And Aunt Marcia still loved her recreant lover, thus Royce reasoned, else why this annual vigil, remindful of the expectedly most happy moment of her life? Royce began an investigation. He located Rolfe Gregory in a city five hundred miles away. He devoted the money Aunt Marcia had given him to ferreting out this man.

Royce found Rolfe Gregory leading a lonely bachelor life, a sad, cheerless man of forty. He formed his acquaintance, he learned his secrets.

On the eve of his wedding his father was confronted with a prosecution for fraud in his business. In no way could it be averted save thru money. In no way could the money be secured except thru Gregory's marriage to an heiress who loved him. He made the sacrifice; his wife lived two years. Since then he had lived a hermit life existence, ashamed to seek again the only woman he had ever loved.

"There is some one to see you in the parlor, Aunt Marcia," Royce said one day, "a broken, penitent man with a sad, sad story to tell. You will listen to it?"

"Is it Rolfe Gregory?" she spoke, and sweetly, patiently.

"Yes, Aunt Marcia."

"I knew he would come back to me in time," she said simply.

He had come back—to remain. Their tears mingled and then their kisses. Time had not soured them. It had mellowed them, had made them patient and forgiving, and a future hovered.

It was a future hallowed by another issue—the regeneration of Royce Livingston. He had done a grand act in bringing those two starving souls together, and, somehow, a new ambition and manlier impulses came into his young life.

Wife Does the Work, but Not the Credit

"I SEE that Mr. Birdsong's new piece is being featured in the music stores," observed Mrs. Birdsong's caller. "I envy you the privilege of enjoying his compositons so long before they reach the clamoring public."

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed the wife of Mr. Birdsong, "please don't speak of those direful days preceding the appearance of a new one—or I'll burst!"

"Surely, there's nothing unpleasant about it," the caller apologized. "I often picture you sitting beneath the piano lamp playing the new airs tenderly, while Mr. Birdsong leans back in the shadowy big chair listening to your interpretation of the harmonies that originated in his own soul."

"That sounds awfully nice and poetic and it would look good in a picture frame," said Mrs. Birdsong, "so I hate to disillusion you. But you might as well know that those harmonies you speak of are born into the world thru painful aesthetic travail."

"I'm surprised! His compositions sound so exquisitely effortless. I supposed he dashed them off on a Pullman or anywhere—just like that!"

"My goodness!" gasped Mrs. Birdsong. "You force me to tell the horrid details. First, Mr. Birdsong comes home from a trip, drops his grip, kisses me briskly, snatches off his coat and rushes to the piano. 'Listen,' he says, 'how do you like this?' I just made it up last night.'

"I rave over it at first because I like the melody and at the end of the seventh day I rave because he won't stop playing it.

"He pounds it out the instant he jumps from the bed in the morning and the last thing at night—about 1 a. m.—he is playing it with the soft pedal. He disregards meals. His soup cools before he gets to it and he never waits for dessert.

"Sometimes he forgets and takes his napkin along to the piano when he thinks of a new strain to insert. And he drags me along, too, whether I've finished eating or not. You see, he plays by ear strictly, while I studied music. So he depends upon me to write the notes on the manuscript paper for him.

"I'll think it's all done and ready to send to the publisher, when he yells frantically: 'Two minors should follow each other. Change it here. Now I'll play it. How do you like that?'

"Then he asks me to play it so that he can get the effect. I do. Then he blurts out: 'You can play the right hand that way, exactly as I want it, but not the left. Can't you take a bass? I want that F sharp played with A. Is that the way you have written it? Get away a minute! I'll get the doggone thing! See, now, isn't that pretty harmony?'

"About that time he strikes a fresh chord unexpectedly. 'What's this?' he cries. 'Here, what's this? Play it in the treble while I hold this chord, and play the treble with your left hand, so you can write down the chord with you right hand.'

"When I have done that obediently he announces: 'Now, we've got to change that top note. Should it be G or A?' After we change it he hums: 'Ta-ta-ta—ta-ta—ta,' and decides it will be too high for the ordinary voice and tells me to transpose it so the top note will be E.

"I procure a clean sheet of manuscript paper, and do it all over again. Then he has a brand new inspiration. He thrusts his pencil behind his ear and plays the new idea frantically. 'That's the stuff!' he beams. 'Do you get that? Doggone it! There it is!'

"I wait and listen. Then he says: 'How is the bass to this thing? Maybe that bottom note ought to be changed.' I tell him it is correct according to the rules of harmony.

"'I don't care about the rules,' he flares. 'My ear tells me how it ought to go. Dad gum it! I take liberties with the piano that nobody else does.'

"About that time I slip over to the table and take up the book I had begun reading one quiet night while Mr. Birdsong was away. Before I've found the place where I left off he calls me back to the piano and asks sweetly: 'What are these notes here, my dear? I suppose I ought to learn how to read music.'"

"Can't he read music?" The caller was amazed.

"He doesn't know one note from the other. When the green and white proof sheet comes back from the publisher I have to go over it with him at least a hundred times to make sure it's just the way he wants it."

"Well, I think your name should appear on the finished copy—you do most of the work."

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A Fish Story.

IF YOU had seen the sparkling little silver fish swimming, you would have thought he was the new moon, playing on the water on a clear summer night. Now, one day, this little fellow was playing with his sister and they had swift chases after one another, everywhere around rocks and sea-shells and lily stems. His sister was "it" and was chasing him for the last time before they left their play for the morning and went home to dinner. You can imagine that they were both swimming just as hard as they could, for brother didn't want to be caught and sister wanted to catch him. She almost touched him when he spied some thick water-grasses down at the bottom of the river, and swam down to them just as swiftly as could be and dodged in and out among them till he came to a quick stop because the grasses got hold of him and twisted all around him. He tried to wriggle out of them quickly, but the more he wriggled the tighter the grasses held him; so pretty soon he was so tightly caught that he could not wiggle a fin, not a bit of fin.

"Oh, sister," he cried, "you drove me in here. Now get me out; please get me out. We'll be late for dinner, if I don't get out of these grasses in a minute."

"You mustn't blame me, brother, 'cause we were just playing, and it's all right anyway. You'll get out, I know, but you can't guess how funny you look with all that grass around you, so that all I can see of you is just your nose and your eyes and part of your mouth. Now I'll go and get mamma and papa, just as quickly as ever I can, and don't you fret."

"Hurry, please, sister, and tell them to hurry, too," cried the little fish, as loud as a little fish could that was caught tightly by water-grasses, "'cause I can't move a fin; I can't wiggle a fin."

"I surely will hurry," said sister as she swam straight home, just as fast as she could.

She found papa and mamma getting dinner. "Where's brother?" they both asked at once, when they saw that she was alone and had been swimming very fast, by the way she was breathing.

"He's caught in the water-grasses," she answered, between the breaths. "He can't wiggle a fin and he wants to get away."

Mamma and papa silver fish didn't wait one second, but told sister to show them just where little brother silver fish was.

When little brother silver fish saw his mamma and papa and sister coming to him, he knew that he would soon be free and cried out happily. "Oh, mamma, oh, papa, I'm so glad that you're here. Sister must have hurried a lot. I know I'll be all right and you will get me out almost as quick as I got into these reeds, but I'm not exactly comfortable. Please hurry."

"How are you going to get him out?" papa asked mamma. "Do you think we could get hold of him and pull him with our mouths? That would be the quickest."

"Oh, don't do that," said little silver fish, "'cause you might pull a piece of my fins off."

"You silly little fellow," said his mother smiling, "do you think that your mamma or your papa would pull a piece of your fins off and, even if we did, it would grow out again soon. But I think a better way would be to bite away the grasses that hold him, one by one, very carefully."

"You won't bite too near me, will you, mamma?" asked little brother silver fish.

"Of course not," answered his mamma and papa together.

Then mamma began to bite a piece of grass and papa and sister began to bite a tiny piece of grass, that was twined around little brother silver fish in the tangle.

When they had bitten one piece away carefully, each tried another bit of entangling grass and another and another till, at last, every piece that bound little brother silver fish was bitten away and he was so glad to be free again.

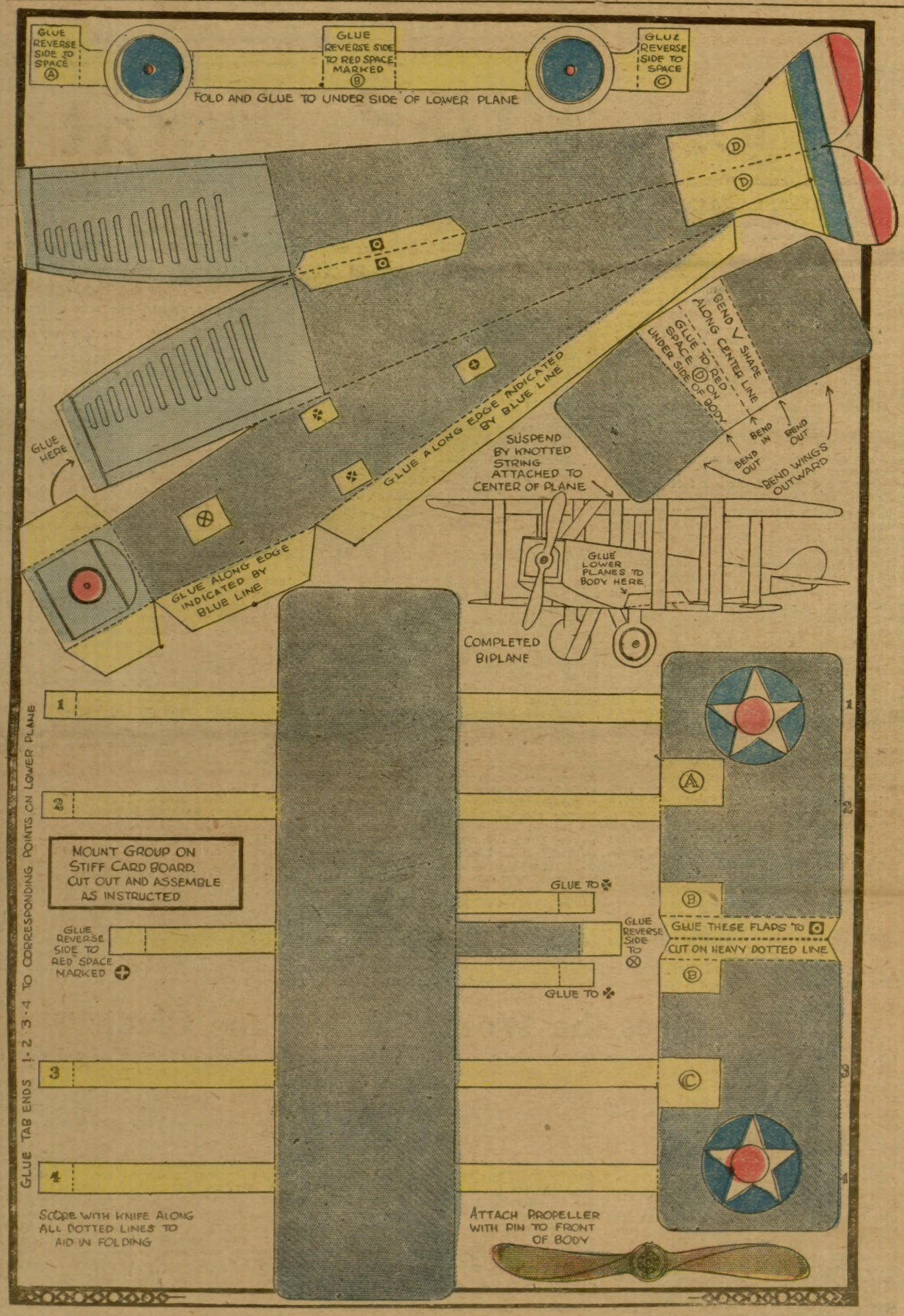
At first, parts of the grass clung to him, as they had not bitten very close to him, and he said, "What shall I do now, mamma? These bits of grass stick to my fins so close that I can't wiggle them and swim?"

"You just try to swim, for I know you can," said his mother.

He tried to move his fins, just as he always had done, and away went the bits of grass that were sticking to them and away he swam, the happiest fish in the river.

CUTOUT OF AN AMERICAN BIPLANE

To Get the Best Results You Should First Paste This Drawing on Cardboard or Stiff Wrapping Paper. Then Follow Directions and You Will Have a Patriotic Novelty. Another Will Be Published Next Week.


GLUE REVERSE SIDE TO SPACE (A)
GLUE REVERSE SIDE TO RED SPACE MARKED (B)
GLUE REVERSE SIDE TO SPACE (C)
FOLD AND GLUE TO UNDER SIDE OF LOWER PLANE
(D) (D)
GLUE HERE
GLUE ALONG EDGE INDICATED BY BLUE LINE
GLUE ALONG EDGE INDICATED BY BLUE LINE
BEND V SHAPE ALONG CENTER LINE
GLUE TO RED SPACE (D) ON BODY UNDER SIDE OF WING
BEND IN
BEND OUT
BEND OUT
BEND WINGS OUTWARD
SUSPEND BY KNOTTED STRING ATTACHED TO CENTER OF PLANE
GLUE LOWER PLANES TO BODY HERE
COMPLETED BIPLANE
GLUE TAB ENDS 1-2-3-4 TO CORRESPONDING POINTS ON LOWER PLANE
1
2
3
4
MOUNT GROUP ON STIFF CARD BOARD. CUT OUT AND ASSEMBLE AS INSTRUCTED
GLUE REVERSE SIDE TO RED SPACE MARKED
SCORE WITH KNIFE ALONG ALL DOTTED LINES TO AID IN FOLDING
GLUE TO
GLUE REVERSE SIDE TO
GLUE TO
GLUE THESE FLAPS TO
CUT ON HEAVY DOTTED LINE
(A) (B) (B) (C)
ATTACH PROPELLER WITH PIN TO FRONT OF BODY

King Who Wanted Shoes.

THE King of Broadlands was a very wise King and ruled his subjects with love and kindness, and he had only one fault to find with them, and that was that they made the hides of their animals into coats instead of making them into leather. Pony coats and ox coats and sheep coats and goat coats, all kinds of coats were fashionable in his kingdom, and there was such rivalry about them that the shoemaking business languished.

"I want more leather," said the King; "all my people must go into the leather business."

"That would be ruin for us," said the farmers; "we cannot neglect our crops," and each and every person had some reason for not going into the leather business. Now, one day the King and all his subjects found themselves with not a shoe to a foot, and so they had to wear wooden shoes. Just at that time a King of a neighboring country announced that he was coming to visit this King of Broadlands.

"The name of the wooden shoes," said the King, "will follow us all our lives. We have no time to make leather shoes if we had the leather, and I will give the finest cross in my collection to the man who tells us how to disguise our wooden shoes."

"I would suggest, your majesty," said a knight, "that we bring a swarm of locusts here and that each one color his own shoes by making a number of the insects 'spit tobacco.'"

"Well done," said the King; "choose your own cross."

So it came about that the locusts were brought and that each person holding one by the wings bade it spit tobacco over the wooden shoes, and when the visiting king arrived he never noticed that the shoes were wood, so interested was he in the beautiful brown color. While the King and his people entertained the visiting King and his people, the locusts were free to amuse themselves, and forth they went to the fields of grain and ate up every bit of it, and so were the farmers punished who would not supply the good King of Broadlands with leather, but put upon him the humiliation of wooden shoes.

A Rule With Exceptions.

"A MAN should think for himself."

"As a rule, yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But I have occasionally seen people thrashing around in politics who would be better off if they would get some smart, conscientious person to do their thinking for them."

Wonderful News.

WITH an air of great importance the small boy of a Sunday school in Belfast imparted this happy fact to his teacher:

"The devil is dead," he said, solemnly.

"What makes you think that?" asked the startled teacher.

"Dad said so," exclaimed the boy. "I was standing in the street with him yesterday when a funeral passed, and when dad saw it, he said, 'Poor devil! He's dead!'"

Vocal Deluge.

SHE—"You used to rave over my liquid voice."

He—"I know I did; but I did not imagine that your words would come in such torrents."

What Could She Expect?

"Paw, you hain't eatin' pie with your spoon, be you?" inquired Aunt Samanthy when there was company at the table.

"Course I be," was the prompt sarcastic rejoinder. "What in tarnation did you expect that I was goin' to eat with it? My knife ain't sharp enough to cut it!"

Extra Size.

Mrs. Brown weighs over 250. Not long ago she went into a store to purchase a waist. After telling the sales girl what she wanted she saw her walk over to a speaking tube. To Mrs. Brown's chagrin this is what she heard:

"Say, Maizie, send down one jumbo."—Judge.

All the Fixings.

Little Freddy had just been put in a khaki suit with long trousers. "Mamma," he asked, "am I a man now like papa?"

"I suppose so," she replied.

"Well, then," he continued, "I guess I'll take a dime out of my bank and go down to the barber shop and get shaved."

Tommy Atkins Scores.

Private (to newly promoted lance corporal)—"What they give such blokes as you stripes for beats me.'

Lance Corporal—"Not for bein' lazy, anyhow."

Private—"No; I knows all about that; 'cos if they did you'd look like a bloom in zebra."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment service rendered members. Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 103 H, Chicago, Ills.

SALESMAN—SELL OIL STOCK. HUSTLERS make $200.00 weekly; our proposition sells. Write today. United American Producing and Refining Co., La Harpe, Kansas.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT as my agents and take orders for Comer raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-124, Dayton, Ohio.

BOYS—GIRLS—EARN THRIFT STAMPS. Be the first in your locality; send your name and we will send 30 bottles of high grade perfume to sell at 10c each. When sold send $2.00. You keep $1.00. Eckhoff Laboratory, 2018 Grand St., St. Paul, Minn.

$2.95 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER PANTS —worth $6.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents, part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. A-447, 515 So. Franklin St., Chicago.

AGENTS—$25 TO $50 WEEKLY SELLING gold monogram letters for automobiles, trunks, etc. Easily applied. Special offer to general agents. American Monogram Co., Dept. M, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS—$40 A WEEK SELLING GUARANTEED hosiery. For men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2211 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

BIG PROPOSITION: AGENTS WANTED. Something new in portraits and frames. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN. GOOD, LIVE proposition, 100 per cent profit, particulars free, act quick. Ritrose Co., Dept. 1, 534 Belden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—U. S. GOVERNMENT wants thousands men—women, 18 or over for war positions. Easy clerical work. $100 month. List positions open free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 27, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WE WILL START YOU IN THE CLEANING and dyeing business, little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 3, Charlotte, N. C.

MAKE YOUR SPARE TIME EARN $$$ FOR you. I'll put you next to hundreds of opportunities. I. L. Hanback, 206 S. Payson St., Baltimore, Md.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OFFICE, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East S. Louis, Ill.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

WANTED — AT ONCE, DROP FORGE hammermen; good wages; piece work and hour work. Apply Lakeside Forge Company, Erie, Pa.

WANTED MEN. BECOME EXPERT CHAUFfeurs, auto repairmen. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 824, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT NEEDS 20,000 WOMEN clerks at Washington. Examinations everywhere in July. Experience unnecessary. Women desiring government positions, write for free particulars to J. C. Leonard (former civil service examiner), 405 Kenois Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once, Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—(Cont.)

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WOMEN—START DRESSMAKING-DESIGNing business in your homes. Earn $100 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 854, Rochester, N. Y.

GIRLS—WOMEN WANTED. GOVERNMENT war positions. $100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 29, Rochester, N. Y.

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$2 PAYS FOR 100 SHARES BY RETURN mail, and also holds for 30 days 1,000 shares of Money-Back Oil Company (at present price), now drilling in Wyoming, on 16-well joint producing and refining agreement. Three producing wells guaranteed under money-back guarantee, issued by two national and two State banks. Money-Back Oil Co., 450 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo. Agents wanted.

MORE OIL IS NEEDED TO WIN THIS WAR. Help produce it and make money for yourself. We are operating in a proven field where 92% of wells produce oil. You can earn shares in our company by helping us. Write at once. Liberty Oil Corporation, Miami, Okla.

FORTUNES IN OIL. WONDERFUL OPportunities for people with little money to make enormous profits. This company endorsed under state laws to protect investors. Folder free. King Oil Co., White Building, Seattle, Wash.

HOW FAR ARE YOU FROM THE POORhouse? Learn how to invest wisely and get your nose off the wage-earners' grindstone. Free pamphlet. Address B. M. Phelps, Aurora, Missouri.

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POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5 DOWN, $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land, near town; some timber. Price $200.00. $10 monthly buys 80 acres. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

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LAND IN MICHIGAN'S BEST COUNTIES. 10 to 80 acre hardwood tracts. $15 to $30 per acre. Easy payments. Good for grain, stock, poultry, fruit. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., X1245 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

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LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

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OVER THERE—HONOR THOSE WHO have gone to the front. Send for free booklet showing photo of Service Pin and Allied Flag Bracelet. Cray & Co., Room 1310, 170 Broadway, New York City.

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WE PAY TO $80.00 FOR CERTAIN LARGE cents; $5.00 for certain eagle cents, etc. High premiums paid for rare coins to 1912. Many in circulation. Watch your change. Send 4c now. Get our large Illustrated Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

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DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY! SONGS 10c each, or four for 30c. "Maid of Japan," "Cello Melody," "Song You Sang to Me," "What Are We Doing Over Here?" Channon Music Co., 701 Seventh Ave., New York.

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WHO WILL WRITE THE SONG HIT OF the war? If you have an idea suitable for such a song, write for free booklet, "Song-writers' Manual and Guide." We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or sale. Poems submitted, examined free. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. C.

WRITE US WORDS FOR A SONG. WE'LL compose music—facilitate free publication. Send verses on love, war, any subject. Fairchild Music Co., 203 Broadway, 16-G, New York.

WRITE A SONG—PATRIOTIC OR POPULAR. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 219, Reaper Block, Chicago.

SONG POEMS WANTED

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"THE ROAD TO HEALTH" FREE. GET this big instructive book, and learn how anyone who suffers with pellagra and other diseases of the blood, stomach, kidneys, bowels, liver, bladder, heart, nerves and skin troubles can secure competent treatment under the direction of skilled physicians for one whole month free of charge. Highest endorsement by both physicians and patients. Send no money. Simply write Dr. W. J. McCrary, Dept. 101, Long Beach, California, for a copy of his wonderful book and free trial offer.

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADder trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

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WANTED—STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 352, Washington, D. C.

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POULTRY BOOK FREE—STOCK YARDS Veterinary Laboratory, Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo., is distributing a booklet on the management of poultry, with special articles showing how to increase egg production. Our book on Hogs, Cattle, Horses, etc., free on request.

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MEN:—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

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MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

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An Army of 3,000,000 Back of Nuxated Iron

General David Stuart Gordon U. S. A. (Retired), promoted for gallant conduct in the battle of Gettysburg; well-known Indian fighter. General Gordon says: "Despite my own advanced age Nuxated Iron made me fit and ready for another campaign, and if my country needs me, I stand ready to go."

General John L. Clem, U. S. A. (Retired), the drummer boy of Shiloh who entered the U. S. Army at the age of 11 years. He was promoted to be Sergeant for gallantry at the battle of Chicamauga when only 12 years old. He says that Nuxated Iron is the one and ever-reliable tonic that he obtained most surprising results from its use in two weeks' time.

General Gordon, Hero of the Battle of Gettysburg Leads the Way; United States Judge Atkinson, Former Governor of West Va. Tells Benefits He Derived From Its Use; Former United States Senator Chas. A. Towne Commends Nuxated Iron To All Who Feel the Need of Renewed Energy.

Sworn Statement of Composition of Nuxated Iron Formula Printed Below Should Convince Every Physician and Druggist That it is a Product of Greatest Therapeutic Value. Doctor Tells How Best to Use it to Create New Red Blood Corpuscles and Thereby Greatly Increase Your Strength, Power and Endurance.

IN discussing Nuxated Iron at a dinner in a fashionable hotel in New York, a well-known man of affairs said that the fact that over three million people annually were endorsing it by their use of it, according to conservative estimates, was to him the strongest possible argument that could be advanced as to its therapeutic efficacy. No newspaper or magazine in the world has a vast army of three million purchasers. It represents more than half the total number of votes usually cast for successful candidates for President. Such an army of trained American Soldiers in France to-day could, in our opinion, immediately sweep the combined armies of the Central Empires back across the Rhine and win a complete victory in less than three months, dictate the terms of peace to Germany in Berlin. Nuxated Iron is such a valuable product to give the "stay-there" strength, power and endurance so much demanded by soldiers in the army that General Gibson says that, judging from the results in his own case, he feels that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron, and that it has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847 when he made his triumphant entry with General Winfield Scott into the City of Mexico.

SOME OF THE PROMINENT PEOPLE WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED NUXATED IRON

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw—Former Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of one of the most strenuous of American Presidents, also former Governor of Iowa.

United States Judge George W. Atkinson — Of the Court of Claims of Washington, D. C., former Governor of W. Va.

General John L. Clem, U. S. A. (Retired) — The drummer boy of Shiloh, who was Sergeant in the U. S. Army at 12 years of age.

Former United States Senator Chas. A. Towne—The silver-tongued orator of Minnesota, nominated for Vice-President.

Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr of Chicago.

General David Stuart Gordon, U. S. A. (Retired)—Well-known Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg.

Former United States Senator Obadiah Gardner of Maine.

Former First Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States, C. P. Grandfield.

General Horatio Gates Gibson, U. S. A. (Retired) — Who entered in the City of Mexico in the war of 1847 with General Winfield Scott.

Former United States Senator Wm. V. Sullivan of Mississippi.

Judge Samuel S. Yoder — Statesman, Jurist, formerly Surgeon-Major in the Army.

Former United States Senator Richard Rolland Kenney — Present Judge Advocate General in the 28th Division, Hattiesburg, Miss.

General David Stuart Gordon, noted Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg, says: "When I became badly run down this year, I found myself totally without the physical power to 'come back' as I had done in my younger days. I tried different so-called 'tonics' without feeling any better, but finally I heard of how physicians were widely recommending organic iron to renew red blood and rebuild strength in worn-out bodies. As a result I started taking Nuxated Iron and within a month it had aroused my weakened vital forces and made me feel strong again, giving me endurance such as I never hoped to again possess."

United States Judge George W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington, D. C., says: "Only this Spring I have tried your valued prescription, Nuxated Iron, as a tonic and restorative following on the rigors of the past winter. The results have been simply marvelous. I have never had recourse to a medicine whose results were as satisfactory, so complete and so free from any of the incidental complications which indiscriminate dosing so frequently brings to the people who make use of medicaments. It is without hesitation that I recommend Nuxated Iron to persons who in the stress of physical or mental labors have permitted the system to become debilitated, the body exhausted or the nerves run down. It has restored my appetite and my vitality. I feel that I have dropped off the burden of months of toil in the few weeks that I have been following the very simple directions for the use of Nuxated Iron."

Former United States Senator Chas. A. Towne says: "As a member of Congress from New York, as a member of Congress and Senator from Minnesota, as participant in political campaigns and candidate for Vice-President, my nervous energy and reserve force were tremendously drawn upon. That I survived these trials and came into advanced middle life with the elasticity and strength of a boy is unquestionably due to the rigorous attention I have paid to the proper care of my body. Recently I have been taking Nuxated Iron and have found it of the greatest benefit as a tonic and regulative.

United States Judge G. W. Atkinson former Governor, says that the results he has obtained from taking Nuxated Iron have been simply marvelous: that he has never had recourse to a medicine whose results were so satisfactory: that within the few weeks he has been taking it he feels he has dropped off the burden of the months of toil.

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury, in the cabinet of one of the most strenuous of American Presidents. Also former Governor of Iowa. Secretary Shaw has taken Nuxated Iron himself and experienced the benefits of its tonic and health giving properties so that in writing his endorsement he knows whereof he speaks.

Henceforth I shall not be without it. I am in a position to testify for the advantage of others, to the remarkable and immediate helpfulness of this remedy, and I unhesitatingly recommend Nuxated Iron to all who feel the need of renewed energy and the regularity of bodily functions."

Former United States Senator Richard Rolland Kenny, Judge Advocate General, 28th Division Hattiesburg, Miss., says: "It gives me genuine pleasure to bear testimony to the curative properties and the restorative and tonic value of Nuxated Iron. I have been using your prescription for a number of months, during which time I have enjoyed an increase of weight, a decided increase in my vigor and in the powers of endurance under the strain of newly accepted duties to the Government. From the time of my retirement from the Senate of the United States, nearly fifteen years ago down to the present time, or rather until the outbreak of the war, I had been actually and unremittingly engaged in the practice of my profession in my home state. Upon the declaration of war I decided to re-enter public life which to me meant the army in the midst of war time. With the sustaining tonic of Nuxated Iron I have had no occasion to weaken under the most strenuous duties, and the longer the hours of work and study, the better I have felt. I beg to recommend to every man, whether he works with hand or brain, the invaluable medicament which only yourselves prepare. It has no equal on the market."

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and Medical author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails and they become weak, nervous irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks. In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cooking, by throwing down the wastepipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, is responsible for another grave iron loss. Therefore you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages. There are thousands who undoubtedly might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run down people who were ailing all the while have increased their strength and endurance in two weeks' time while taking iron in the proper form. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance which is so greatly aided by having plenty of iron in the blood, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.

Sworn Statement of Composition of Formula of Nuxated Iron

Iron Peptonate (special specific standard) Quantity given below, Sodium Glycerophosphates U.S.P. (Monsanto.) Calcium Glycerophosphates U.S.P. (Monsanto.) P. E. Nux Vomica U.S.P. Cascarin Bitter, Magnesium Carbonate, Po. Ginger U.S.P. Oil Cassia Cinnamon U.S.P. Calcium Carbonate Precip. U. S. P.

Each dose of two tablets of Nuxated Iron contains one and one-half grains of organic iron in the form of iron peptonate of a special specific standard which in our opinion possesses superior qualities to any other known form of iron. By using other makes of Iron Peptonate we could have put the same quantity of actual iron in the tablets at less than one-fourth the cost to us, and by using metallic iron we could have accomplished the same thing at less than one-twelfth the cost, but by so doing we must have most certainly impaired their therapeutic efficacy. Glycerophosphates used in Nuxated Iron is one of the most expensive tonic ingredients known. It is especially recommended to build up the nerve force and thereby increase brain power, as glycerophosphates are said to contain phosphorous in a state very similar to that in which it is found in the nerve and brain cells of man.

As will be seen from the above, two important ingredients of Nuxated Iron (Iron Peptonate and Glycerophosphates) are very expensive products as compared with most other tonics.

Under such circumstances the temptation to adulteration and substitution by unscrupulous persons is very great, and the public is hereby warned to be careful and see every bottle is plainly labeled "NUXATED IRON" by the Dae Health Laboratories, Paris, London, and Detroit, U. S. A., as this is the only genuine article. Look out for preparations labeled Nux and Iron and other similar names, as these preparations are not the genuine Nuxated Iron. If you have taken other forms of iron without success, this does not prove Nuxated Iron will not help you. We guarantee satisfaction to every purchaser or your money will be refunded.—Dae Health Laboratories, Detroit, Mich.

SOME OF THE PHYSICIANS WHO HAVE PRESCRIBED AND RECOMMENDED NUXATED IRON

Dr. James Francis Sullivan — Formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital.

Dr. A. J. Newman—Late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago.

Dr. Ferdinand King — New York physician and Medical Author.

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques — Formerly Visiting Surgeon St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York.

Dr. F. Rorback—Graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical College.

Dr. J. W. Armistead — Graduate of University of Alabama, School of Medicine, Mobile.

Dr. D. F. Canone—Graduate of the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. C. W. Bailey—Graduate of the State University of Iowa.

Dr. W. O. Parish—Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Keokuk, Iowa.

Dr. E. Truett—Graduate of the University of Arkansas, Medical Dept., Little Rock.

Dr. E. C. Ballard—Graduate of the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati.

Dr. R. C. Baugh—Graduate of the Memphis Hospital College, Memphis.

Dr. M. B. Pollard—Graduate of the University of Texas, Dept. of Medicine, Galveston.

Dr. J. D. Shelton—Graduate of the Louisville Medical College.

Dr. E. Cross — Graduate of the Tulane University of Louisville, School of Medicine, New Orleans.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Nuxated Iron is not recommended for use in cases of acute illness, but only as a tonic, strength and blood builder. (In case of acute illness always consult your family physician and be guided by his advice.) If in doubt as to whether or not you need a tonic, ask your doctor, as we do not wish to sell you Nuxated Iron if you do not require it. If you should use it and it does not help you, notify us and we will return your money. It is sold by all druggists and general stores.